

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XV.—No. 9.
Copyright, 1895, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1895.

TERMS—\$6.50 PER YEAR.
Including Library and Premium Volumes.
In Canada, \$7.50. (See page 4.)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ADDRESSING THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE CONCERNING THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE
ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE HISTORICAL PAINTING. (See page 9.)

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirtieth Street,
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, one year, twenty-six paper-covered books (New Novels, and choice of any set of premium books, including *Bazaar's*, *Human Comedy*, *Life of the Great Napoleon*, *Capital of the Globe*, *Milton's Paradise Lost*, or *Dante's Inferno*).
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$7.50

ONCE A WEEK, one year, and choice of any set of above premium books, exclusive of Library, \$5.00
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$6.50

ONCE A WEEK, exclusive of twenty-six paper-covered volumes of Library and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada, \$3.50

In Canada, ONCE A WEEK and Semi-Monthly Library, exclusive of Premium Volumes, \$6.00

ONCE A WEEK Library, without the newspaper, twenty-six volumes per year, \$2.50

In Canada, \$3.00

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse, dependent upon the distance from New York, from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 521 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is there less courtesy in every-day life in America than in other countries?

THE question is provoked by some comments recently made by "Mark Twain" after his return from a prolonged residence in Europe; and it has been instantly taken up, and is now discussed with much passion and enthusiasm from one end of the country to the other. As is usually the case when any American criticizes the manners and customs of his fellow-citizens, the amiable and witty author of "The Innocents Abroad" and the creator of "Huckleberry Finn" comes in for a good share of abuse and ridicule—much of it from those who have not taken the trouble to find out exactly what he said and how he said it.

Mark Twain is very far from accusing Americans, as a nation, of bad manners, or of a lack of that sympathy and kindness which makes cultivated people helpful to strangers, considerate for the weak and infirm, chivalrous to women, and gentle with those of inferior position or opportunities. What he does assert is that the people in the large cities are discourteous, and notably so in common life. As especially unpleasant instances he mentions the way in which the "saleslady" treats the gentleman who comes to buy something of her, and the pompous indifference of the hotel clerk to the man who is about to patronize the house in which he is engaged.

"There are none of us," he says, "who would relish such treatment as the lady received" (in the case which he instances) at the big store; "yet we are silent. Or if we complain, we do not complain in the right place, and so get little redress. Abroad people are not likely to be subjected to such treatment, and if they are, they complain to the highest in authority, and get better attention." Mark Twain says that he hears people continually talking in clubs and elsewhere about some trouble they have had during the day, on the street car, or elevated railroad lines. When he sometimes asks the sufferers if they have made complaint, he finds that they have, but never to the responsible head.

He holds that the discourtesy so common is to be reformed by complaint; and that Americans must be less timid about voicing their grievances. If manners of street car conductors, of petty employees in huge bazaars and theatres and on trains and street cars and of hotel clerks are to be reformed, it must be brought about by complaints which will be effective because they are made to the people interested to correct the abuse.

For it is an abuse, and the assumption of a privilege which has come with the intense life of our great cities, the crowding and the hurrying. Manners have suffered from the shock of masses; from the freedom which we all have, from the unwillingness of high as well as low to admit any class distinctions. What the masses in this country have not yet been brought to understand is that the proper maintenance of that personal dignity which is precious to all of us is strengthened, rather than jeopardized, by a formal yet friendly politeness. The "L" guard is afraid of being thought "servile" if he shows that deference which is the basis of all true politeness. The "saleslady" sneers because she fears that the customer may try to patronize her. If both could but learn that politeness helps dignity immensely!



THE deferential politeness which prevails in Middle Europe—in democratic countries like France as well as in countries where monarchy has full sway, as in Austria—is not much in favor with any class in the United States. "You will be imposed on if you practice it," say the social arbiters. But associate with it the readiness of complaint when one is imposed on, and it will work marvels. The same Frenchman who will "efface himself" to give you your half of the road on the street or in a crowd, will bristle up and become a veritable swashbuckler if you try to crowd him the least bit out of his half. He knows his rights as completely as he respects yours.

So it is in England. The politest of gentlemen will show fight if his privileges are disregarded. He will not, like the average American, say that it is "not worth complaining about." A non-smoking-room in ferry-house or car on a train or street railway should remain what it purports to be. The company is bound to protect ladies and gentlemen against "cads." Regulations are made to be enforced, not to be disregarded. A protest against crowding in an English suburban railroad car is always heeded by the employees. Here the conductor laughs in your face. But let many ladies and gentlemen in the same car complain, and he will soon change his tune.

INCIVILITY and stiffness of manner never pay. They finally meet their match, as the gruff old General met his in Talleyrand, who sat next him at a dinner party, and who, disgusted with his rudeness, asked him if he were not "a military gentleman"? "Military? Br-r-r! Certainly! Why do you ask?" said the General. "Because," responded Talleyrand, "in France we call every one military who is not civil." The polished diplomat would not have the bluntness of the Army of the day imposed upon him.

ONE great objection of the mannerless classes in this country to formal politeness of the deferential order is that it is "not sincere." These "rough diamonds" insist upon cutting us with their angles. Yet even diamonds gain by polish. Politeness is polish, and polish is artificial. No one denies that. Some of the most complete politeness that the world has ever seen has grown out of the dislike, even the hatred, of classes for each other. Because one is civil and reasonably yielding, and willing to converse agreeably while buying or selling something, nothing further is implied. Civilization is nothing but an artifice. Yet it certainly promotes the greatest good of the largest number. So does a national politeness which is good-natured, mutually deferential, and based on firm respect for the rights, dignity and comfort of others.

THE "rough diamonds" mentioned above have invented a word to express their idea of the man who complains of their rudeness. They call him a "kicker." They could not have employed a more self-accusing phrase. To "kick" implies that the kicker is being driven—not going along of his own inclination. The word sprang from the recognition by the mannerless classes of the fact that they are driving people, and that at any moment the driven class may recognize its own strength, and revolt. Perhaps the advice of the genial humorist who understands the masses so well has at last started a formidable revolt against impudent corporations, presumptuous employees, and encroaching cads.

THE American of this generation who reads in his morning paper condensed news of all that has happened in Europe during the preceding twenty-four hours little realizes the obstacles which were overcome, the difficulties encountered, ere the first Atlantic cable was successfully laid upon the great ocean's floor. The enthusiastic manner in which Cyrus W. Field staked, to use his own words, his "reputation, his undivided time and energies and his fortune" on the success of the vast enterprise, and the heroic way in which Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Wilson G. Hunt, Marshall



O. Roberts and David Dudley Field supported him when he began his task, were all recalled to memory by the ceremony at the Chamber of Commerce in this city on Thursday, May 23.

ON that occasion Daniel Huntington's fine painting of "The Projectors of the Atlantic Cable" was presented to the Chamber, for which it had been purchased by a large number of its eminent members. In a bright oration, full of facts, Dr. Depew brought out and emphasized the noble steadfastness of purpose with which the most practical of business men "risked their money and their reputations upon a scheme which, in its beginnings, had little else to recommend it but patriotism and humanity."

THE "good roads" agitation is encouraging. Rural America will be quite a different place to live in when we have highways as good as those of France and Italy and Switzerland and Germany. The farmer must not fancy that the trolley will solve the problem for him. Doubtless trolley cars will do a great service in connecting towns and hamlets with market-centres. But first-class highways which are not disfigured by tracks and whizzing cars are a prime necessity. It would be an excellent thing to send the county commissioners of some of our States on an educational excursion to Switzerland, for example. Let them see for themselves what good roads really are, and they will begin to work for them within the orbit of their own authority.

ONE of the many charming ideas evolved from the Parisian inner consciousness for the delectation of the millions who will visit the Paris Exposition of 1900 is of special interest to all who have children. It is proposed to inclose the great garden of the Tuileries Palace and a portion of the historic palace itself, and to make the whole a vast playground and rendezvous for the children of all nations. There they may sail their ships in the basins of the ancient fountains, play at football under the grand old trees, hold mimic reviews of the school battalions, and learn each other's games and languages at their own wild wills.

THIS little caprice of our French friends seems at first hardly practical; yet they are bent on carrying it out. Of course it will resolve itself into a kind of kindergarten carnival for French children, with excursions of foreign child-delegations. If well planned, it will certainly interest mothers the world over more than the great mine a mile deep, or any other of the leading features of Nineteen Hundred's mighty Exhibition can succeed in doing.

THE inquiry into the condition of the employees in the vast bazaars which are arising in all our great cities, crushing out the small tradesmen, and bringing wages down to the starvation limit, is to go on all summer. I fancy that some of the "sweaters" who are making vast fortunes in these bazaars feel just a little queer at seeing their practices shown up. The shopwomen over whom they tyrannize ought to form unions against them, and insist upon having decent wages for the dolorously long days which the bazaar trade exacts.



THE grasping nature of this new monopoly is manifest in nothing else so clearly as in its treatment of its minor employees. The slaves of the bargain counter are as pitiful objects as were the slaves in the cotton field. They are cheated out of their inalienable right to liberty and happiness. Heavy "fines" terrify them, and cut down to almost nothing their puny wages. Petty tyrants drive them about as if they were not human beings, but cattle. In their anxiety to get all retail trade away from everybody else, the capitalists who control these mammoth establishments seem to have lost all notion of justice.

EACH of these bazaars begins by ruining a few hundred tradesmen who were making decent profits by devoting themselves to business, and injuring nobody else. It forces the individual with small capital to quit the field; then erects on the shattered remnants of his home its gilded trade-palace, where everything from whiskey to high art is sold, and where labor is daily scoffed at and contemned. Is it not about time that the Legislature should take into serious consideration the harmful antics of these tyrants of the bazaar?

AT the recent banquet of the Silk Manufacturers Association of America in this city, Congressman Stewart of New Jersey said: "Paterson has long been known as the Lyons of America. But those who know Paterson know that it has far outstripped Lyons. It has the best machinery and the best workmen in the world. And emphatically I say the protective tariff did this, and if this protection is taken away from us this great industry will be retaken by the foreign hands from which it was conquered."

EUGENE DEBS and his associates must go to prison.

THOSE few words mean more for organized labor in the United States, and for the general welfare of all the people, than any similar number of words ever uttered by the Federal Supreme Court. They mean that the authority of law must be respected; that the Federal courts, which deal with the rights and duties of inter-State commerce and which protect the United States mail, have also the right to enjoin any man or body of men from any course of conduct that threatens either or both. These are the questions of law involved, and we may all know now what this law is, and what the injunction meant in this historic and momentous case.

AN injunction is a matter of equity always; it is not a weapon or a regular procedure under any written statute. It always appeals to "equity and good conscience" in the document so presented, and, I may add, in this case, that the injunction of last autumn appealed to the good sense and sober judgment of all the people. Hence we can now quietly look at the situation: Debs and his associates in prison.

OUGHT they to be sent to prison? I distinguish. The circumstances and conditions leading up, first to the trouble, then to the strike, next to violence, afterward to an injunction and finally to the contempt of a Federal court—these circumstances and conditions ought never to have been. I said so at the time in these columns. Ever since Homestead I have appealed, pleaded, argued that the strike should not be tolerated in this country any longer by organized labor. No; these conditions should never have been, and Debs and his associates ought not now to be in jail. But the highest court says they are guilty of violating an injunction—that Hand of Peace that Equity extends to law—and that the sentence of Judge Woods must stand. What right have I to deny the sentence when I cannot deny the offense?

WE have in this country peace, liberty, progress, fair play, under the law. This is the price we pay for these things—namely, obedience to law. Change the law if you will—but while it stands, obey it. In this connection it is only necessary to add that ONCE A WEEK still stands with two remedies to prevent all such unfortunate outcomes as these in future. One of these is the Joint-Stock Labor Union; the other is more thorough organization and solidarity of the labor ranks through co-operation. I asked the question after Debs got his sentence. Let me ask it again. If Eugene Debs and his associates of the A. R. U. had been officers of a consolidated and incorporated "American Association of Union Workmen, Limited," with a capital of thirty to forty million dollars, and having branch Unions everywhere—would they go to jail now or at any time? Not any more than the Lehigh Valley Railroad Directors can be sent to jail for bothering the very same Managers last week, on a question of rates, that Debs and his comrades bothered last summer! Let us hear from you, gentlemen.

ENGLAND is already making a bid for that new Pacific trade which is likely to enrich the nation that can control it. She is preparing to accord an annual subsidy of five hundred thousand dollars on a Pacific mail and cable service which will, naturally, be entirely in the interest of her trade. In order to do this, she is making new arrangements in her colonial budget.

It will be interesting to see what the persistent anti-subsidy howlers in Congress will do in presence of this example set them by the England which they profess to adore. Unless we can start and subsidize and maintain lines of equal importance, Great Britain will cull the golden fruit on the shores of the placid Pacific, and we shall find ourselves condemned to be content with after-gleanings. A stingy policy will be ruinous to our prospects.

THE Memphis sound money convention shows that the South will do all that can be expected of it to uphold the commercial honor of the country when it is assailed by "cranks" and half-educated theorists. Secretary Carlisle's address, and its enthusiastic reception by the delegates, ought to reassure the timid both here and in Europe.

THE Secretary showed the convention very plainly that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 means the revolutionizing of our monetary system and the destruction of the credit of our Government and people at home and abroad. The South is not ready to violate the obligations of contracts, unsettle exchangeable values, reduce wages and cause a panic among the capitalists. The resolutions adopted by the convention in favor of a sound currency have the right ring.



MRS. CURZON, formerly Miss Leiter, was presented at Court in London at the Drawing-Room on May 22. She wore a magnificent Court train, suspended from the shoulder, of white cloth and silver moire antique, lined with pale-green satin. Her gown was of rich ivory and silver duchesse, the corsage ranged with silver wings back and front. The under-bodice was of soft tulle, with exquisite point d'Aleçon lace.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, says that there are many symptoms of a rise of the commercial barometer.

THE old Putnam house in Rutland, Mass., where General Rufus Putnam lived, is to be preserved as a historical landmark of the "Father of the Northwest."

QUEEN MARGHERITA of Italy improvises upon the piano to a phonograph which records all her royal inspirations.

VON SUPPE, the sprightly composer of "Fatinitza," who died recently on his handsome estate near Vienna, was a precocious musician. At eleven he played the flute; at thirteen was familiar with harmony, and at fifteen produced a mass at a church in Zara, Dalmatia. His first pronounced success was achieved in 1847, when he produced "The Country Girl."

SEVEN villages were destroyed and fifty people were killed by the recent earthquake in the Epirus.

ELEONORA DUSE, the famous Italian actress, is dangerously ill.

THE Duchess d'Uzes is now at work upon a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, fifty-one feet high, which she intends to erect upon a high cliff on one of her own estates in the department of Aveyron, France.

THE five Justices of the Supreme Court who condemned class spoliation as represented by the income tax were from Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kansas and California respectively. Three who upheld the validity of the tax are from the South, from Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana.

PIRATES from the coast of Morocco recently attacked and sacked a Dutch vessel on the Mediterranean. This seems like a renewal of the stirring adventures of a century ago.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is authority for the statement that the British Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists will not separate.

A HORSE was frightened by the elephants in a circus parade at Fort Wayne, Ind., recently, and leaped into a group of fifty persons, coming down among a host of baby carriages. Two persons were fatally and many others badly injured.

A EUROPEAN conference is likely to be convoked with a view to compelling the Sultan of Turkey to inaugurate the necessary reforms in Armenia.

SENATOR PALMER of Illinois says: "The silver question has ceased to interest the masses of the people. When the craze has spent its force, the leaders who are responsible for its existence will return to their homes thoroughly ashamed of their work."

GOVERNOR MORTON has appointed General Anson G. McCook of this city a member of the New York Commission for the battlefields of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General Henry W. Slocum.

THE editor of the Wyoming County (N. Y.) *Leader* is reported to have said, while here at the Democratic editors' convention the other day, that he would wade through gore up to his neck to make David B. Hill President. Perhaps he meant red ink instead of gore.

MICHIGAN has passed an anti-treating law, and expects to enforce it. The law fines any bartender or saloonkeeper who sets before a person a drink which has been bought or is to be paid for by another.

AN anonymous benefactor has given a new Central Hall to the University of the City of New York, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's letter to the convention of Democratic editors recently held in this city was full of sound sense and good doctrine. The frankness of its declaration against any dallying with free silver should do much to check the dangerous craze.

THE first seizure of sealing poachers is announced. The revenue cutter "Corwin" has seized the British schooner "Selby" and carried her into Sitka, where she was turned over to the British cruiser "Pheasant."

THE French journals continue to make violent attacks upon food imports from America. This will render it all the more necessary that inspection of articles sent to foreign countries should be most rigorous here.

QUEEN VICTORIA honored herself by the honors which she bestowed on May 24, on the occasion of her seventy-sixth birthday. The knighting of Henry Irving, Walter Besant, Dr. William Howard Russell, Lewis Morris and Dr. W. H. Kingston of Montreal are substantial recognitions of the stage, of literature, medicine and journalism, which are too infrequent in most other countries.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS of the police force of this city has resigned, and coolly retires on a handsome pension, escaping proceedings which public opinion at one time seemed to demand. The case reminds one of the daily city papers to say, in the manner of Degberry, let us thank God for what we are rid of.

MOUNT VESUVIUS is in an unusually active state of eruption, and much anxiety is felt in all the villages within the scope of its fires.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON reviewed a parade of seventy thousand Sunday-school children in Brooklyn May 24.

THE Paris *Figaro* announces that it will henceforth print six pages daily, dispensing with its well-known literary supplements on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE German Reichstag has adjourned. After the Socialists had left the hall, the other members joined in cheers for the Emperor. No crisis is feared.

MAYOR SCHIEREN of Brooklyn has decided to appoint a number of prominent ladies of the city on the Board of Education.

THE Earl of Jersey has an oleomargarine factory which turns out thousands of pounds of the stuff weekly. And yet it was an Englishman who called oleomargarine "that American crime against humanity and the cow."

UTAH is getting ready for Statehood, and it is not strange that the subject of incorporating woman suffrage in their Constitution should be a most engrossing one for all citizens of that State.

PREMIER CRISPI has called upon Italian voters to rally to the defense of the monarchy "against the foes of order." Every one who does not think as he thinks is of course a foe to order.

MR. GLADSTONE will attend the opening of the North Sea Canal.

THE colored people of South Carolina held a mass meeting in the Centenary Church in Charleston May 22, to give thanks for the injunction of Judge Goff which cripples the registration laws of South Carolina.

DISSTON & LAWS, the great saw-makers of Philadelphia, have advanced the wages of their seventeen hundred employees ten per cent.

LADY HESKETH, formerly Mrs. Sharon, daughter of Senator Sharon of Nevada, has come to this country on business connected with a large tract of land which she owns in the West. She will return to England in a few weeks.

ENGLAND is severely denounced for not applying the decisions of the international sanitary conference with regard to precautionary measures against cholera among the Mecca pilgrims.

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS of England has been promoted to be Field Marshal, in succession to the late Sir Patrick Grant.

CHINA'S Emperor has issued an autograph proclamation, blaming incompetent leaders for defeat in the war. The Emperor says: "The officials and people of the Empire must make allowance for our difficulties."

"VALKYRIE III." has been launched at Glasgow. Her exact dimensions are still kept a mystery to all save a few.

ITALY will be represented by nine out of the forty-five warships of all nations which are to assemble at Kiel.

AMERICAN boot and shoe manufacturers are finding a handsome market for their products in Austria, notwithstanding a heavy duty on their goods.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the dedication of Burker Hill monument will be celebrated in Boston June 17.

MY TRIP TO MARS

BY T. B. CONNERY,
Author of "Black Friday," "All the Day's Fault," "Don Tiborcio," etc.
(Copyrighted by the author.)

I.

"The inward eye—the bliss of solitude."

FOR many years it had been the dream of my life to traverse the trackless void that lies between Earth and the so-called Stars. Baffled again and again, I always returned to the study with the ardor born of hope deferred. Will power it was—and that alone—which sustained me in those dark and gloomy days of unending experimentation. My endeavors, too, were of a character—occult, mystical, inexplicable—such as led me completely outside the beaten paths of science. In devoting myself to this arduous labor, I was obliged to live like a hermit and work like a horse. Fond of society by nature, and in my earlier life an ornament in many of the gilded circles—for which personal preference I ask pardon—I now, suddenly, as my interest in the problem of life grew, willingly turned my back upon all diversions, and toiled, worked, struggled, dreamed, in my humble lodgings, for years and years. Sorrows were mine—those sorrows known best to the scholastic mind, and long ago voiced by that great Mediaeval scholar, Faust, who, in a moment of sublime anguish, at the circumscribed limit of his earthly knowledge, cried out one night, to the very stars, these pathetic and burning words:

"Alas, I know that I can know nothing!"

What had become of my fond expectations? The recent opposition of the red-eyed Mars had shown me that even astronomy, my favorite science, was very unsatisfactory and snail-paced in giving results as to life in those other worlds that shine upon us bright and clear out of the soft evening skies. I then tried, in succession, astrology, theosophy, and the whole range of the so-called occult sciences of the Middle Ages.

I early concluded that astronomy would not suffice.

I desired to know more of Mars and its people; to understand the meaning of those broad bands of dark canals, maybe, or inland seas; to exchange views and news with the wise men of the Martial nation; and even to sign treaties of eternal amity with the duly established government of the planets. Are these desires unreasonable? Have not the races of men looked up to the skies from time immemorial and asked vain questions as to the character of the worlds that circle about them? And since astronomy, which boasts its great achievements, discovers new planets and forecasts occultations, eclipses, etc., only to disappoint, when we are most on the alert for information, why not abandon it and its pretensions and seek some better medium for our research?

Such thoughts as these came to me night after night, year after year, as I labored away on the fascinating problem of discovering and laying bare the secrets of the depths of space.

Once I had almost concluded that the new data for the discovery would be accorded by theosophy. I knew—as do all followers of theosophy—that occult information comes straight from Mahatma perfected and highest of man's type. Mahatma dwells beyond the stars, and as such this great dignitary is better fitted immeasurably to increase our astral knowledge than the whole race of mortal astronomers. These Mahatmas have long been in communication with the Martians by means of thought transferred at a distance through some subtle medium obviously less clumsy and tedious than that attended by observing behind our telescopes. Why, then, I concluded, should we look longer to astronomy for news from the crimson planet, Mars? Does not thought transfer itself quicker even than electricity? And the advanced theosophist can supply us with any amount of information upon any subject we may desire. It is indeed—

"—the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude."

But, on mature deliberation, I decided, sorrowfully, it is true, to abandon even the dreams of success vouchsafed and, to a certain extent, already within my grasp



"THE INWARD EYE, WHICH IS THE BLISS OF SOLITUDE."

through the agency of occultism and theosophy. What I wanted—and without which I would never be satisfied—was some direct, tangible, scientific mode of attaining my end.

A Hungarian savant, Professor Virskin, helped me wonderfully. He was a dreamer himself, and a great believer in the practicability of navigating the air. In three experiments he had well-nigh lost his life. This, with me, made him worthy of respect. For years I had the honor of assisting the great professor in his laboratory. It was a sad blow to me when I learned one day that he was dead. There was some satisfaction, however, in the fact that I had inherited all his property, and, of course, all his ideas. Among his effects was a

certain mysterious little bottle. On his death-bed he had told me of its uses; but I was so sorrowful at the dire event about to fall that I confess I did not give heed to the direction.

I locked the bottle in my secretary and thought no more of it. Months passed slowly away. Deprived of the companionship and scholarly advice of my dear friend, I went about for a long time like one in a dream. Ah! those were sad, bitter days.

At that time I was working on my bird-airship. I had concluded that it would land me on the fiery shores of Mars. I had toiled unceasingly at the idea, day, night, night, day. I do not know how it all happened, nor can I now recall what it was that made me go to the secretary and take out the bottle. There it was, dust-laden, yet to other appearances all right; it was, closely corked. I recall now that when I opened it, it gave forth a peculiar, intensely soothing, aromatic odor to my nose, like the balm of some fabled isle in the Indian Ocean.

"It smells like some enchanted bottle," were my words.

Ah, could I have known, at the time, what a dark enchantment was at that moment hanging over my life, to bear, in the end, such a powerful influence upon other lives, in nowise connected with me! Upon the life of my sainted Professor Virskin. Upon the life



"IT SMELLS LIKE SOME ENCHANTED BOTTLE."

of my darling Amanda. Upon the lives of generations yet unborn. Indeed, upon the lives of all the men and women in this wide, wide world we call our earthly home.

The time was soon to come, indeed the time was near at hand, when I was to know all that I had sought so long, but had been baffled in the finding.

Overcome by the long and arduous labors, without cessation, day by day, night by night, without pause or rest for food, for sleep, for the needs and desires of the body, slumber at last vanquished me completely, and, with the sense of perfect rest and security with which a tired child reposes in its mother's arms, I, too, in that ecstatic moment, gave myself up to the shadowy land of dreams, sinking to rest in my great armchair, there in my laboratory, my head fallen forward upon the outstretched lid of my secretary, the wondrous bottle of Professor Virskin close at hand.

II.

MAKING AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.

HAVE you not often, in your dreams, imagined that you were sailing through air, without balloon, without airship, and without wings? Often have I had that strange experience; but it never dawned upon me till that night that herein, in the shadowy land of sleep, was I to find at last the solution of the problem over which I had so long labored.

Wrapped in profound slumber, I was suddenly wafted, how I know not, over the Atlantic, with the speed of lightning, to Prague, a town in Bohemia. In my sleep, I saw every detail of the place with marvelous distinctness—the quaint old houses, the inns, the rosy-cheeked maids on the streets, the brave young troopers in the park, the sturdy matrons—in brief, the full play of life on the streets of the Bohemian city.

"Can it be?" were my words, when I awoke.

Again and again I rubbed my eyes. I could not believe that I had been dreaming. There was something about the situation that had in it the elements of real life; there was a suggestion of the dramatic about the dream; and still, on mature reflection, I was forced to admit that it was, in the end, only a vivid dream.

A dream such as visits one in deep, deep sleep.

A dream whose force and fire are not of this world.

A dream whose reality vied with life itself, and shamed the thought that all was merely the dim phantasmagoria of a sleeper's brain.

A dream that I shall never forget—ay, though I live a thousand-thousand years.

For, in that dream I was to discover a fact for which the greatest philosophers of all times had sought in vain—aerial navigation.

Suddenly an inspiration came. I said to myself:

"I will consult the encyclopedia. I will see whether or not the details of my dream are correct."

In intense excitement—I fairly trembled in my eagerness—I ran to my library; hastily I turned to the volume having the letter "P." I eagerly read the first details of the article on "Prague." I staggered, and a cold sweat came on my fevered brow. There, as I live, was the full description of all that I had seen. There was the description of the old church, of the river, of the ancient Theinkirche, of the Wallenstein Palace, of the synagogues—in brief, of everything but the faces of the people I had seen upon the streets.

Then a voice sounded in my ear. It was a voice so fine that nothing lived, as our poet says, "twixt it and silence." It was a familiar voice, too.

It was the ghostly voice of my old tutor, Virskin.

"Test, test."

That is what the voice said, again and again. I plunged into deep thought. Should I go over the At-

lantic? Should I incur the expense of a trip to Prague? What would I gain? What would I lose? Was it worth while?

I hesitated. Again and again I resolved the matter in my mind; but the longer I meditated the more perplexed I became.

"Test, test."

I had never, up to that time, been abroad. I cared nothing for books of travel. Whether or not the details of my vivid dream were correct, I could testify to only through the agency of the encyclopedia. And that book told me that I was on the right track.

Bosh! it was not a dream; it was reality. Still, I was also certain that, had I been in Prague, it must have been in spirit only. I cannot tell how I knew this. But I knew it; and that was enough.

Then a new train of idea came to me. If there was something in this wonderful sleep, what was it that had preceded the state? What was it that had induced this ecstatic state? What had I been doing? What had I been thinking of? Ah, why had I not trained my memory better in youth? Little by little all the incidents recurred to me. Piece by piece, I regained the lost details.

Virskin's vial.

That is what I had tasted. I had tried to resist the sleep—as I remembered now—and had failed. Without reflecting, I had put the vial to my tongue, and had swallowed, in addition to inhaling, a small portion of the contents.

Was it this?

And the directions? Where were they? In an agony, I recalled that I had not listened to the last statement of my beloved tutor on this matter; for as he was passing away, my mind, overcome with grief and fear, had utterly recoiled from so sordid a procedure as that of listening to details about a bottle. And now—ah! I was to regret so soon. All I could make out of the whole concern was that I had somehow gone to Prague without my waking consciousness.

Now the question I had to solve was this:

What had caused the mysterious sleep? Was it the vial, or what was it?

I shall never forget with what anxiety, mingled with dread, I finally decided to cross the Atlantic and verify the details of my dream personally. Imagine my surprise when I found that the circumstances were true to life in the old Prague. I actually, in the course of my stay, conversed with the people whom I had seen in my mysterious sleep. Stupefied, fairly overcome, I finally resolved to retrace my footsteps to New York post haste. A dread thought came to me, in mid-Atlantic. What if something should happen to the bottle during my absence? I had left it carelessly in my secretary. Suppose the house should burn down. Suppose my housekeeper, in a fit of "cleaning," should dispose of the precious bottle. Suppose our ship should be wrecked. And so on, and so on.

The agony of that voyage my pen can never describe. I vacillated, by day, by night, 'twixt fear and hope. The memory of the bottle, and the thousand vague imaginings as to what would, or might, or had, or might have happened possessed me night and day, robbed me of my sleep, stole my peace of mind, and made me altogether miserable, moody and irascible.

Landing at New York, I hired a cab at the wharf and drove like a wild man through the streets. The driver of the cab surely thought, from the way I was urging



I FAIRLY KNOCKED DOWN THE MAID AT THE ENTRY.

him, with promises of extra money, that I must either be crazy, or, worse still, that I was some absconding cashier. But I cared nothing for that. Once in my street, I rang the bell furiously. I fairly knocked the maid down at the entry, as I beat my precipitate flight up three pairs of stairs to my own rooms. I opened the secretary, and—

There was the bottle, just as I had left it.

I now decided to try the experiment in another way—the sleep experiment, I mean.

The spire of old Trinity Church suggested itself. I saw a man on the steeple, making some repairs. This was a week after I had returned. The man was so high in air that he looked like a fly.

"If I could place something up there," I thought, "then I could decide the value of the wonderful mixture in the bottle."

I spoke to the workman.

"I want you to do me a favor," I said.

"What is it?"

"Will you drive a nail up on the steeple for me?"

"You are crazy."

"Not at all. I am in earnest. See, here is money."

And I pushed a bill in his hand. I went on slowly:

"After you have driven the nail, you will hang something on it for me."

"That depends."

"You will hang a thermometer on the nail."

"You are a weather crank."

"Perhaps; but will you follow instructions?"

"I will do anything for money," said the man, suggestively.

The bargain was quickly made. Next day I came with the thermometer. I marked it carefully, handed it to the man, and had the satisfaction to see him mount upward with it in his pocket. Later, by means of a small telescope, I was enabled to see the silver back of the thermometer, shining like sunlight, high up on the old steeple. I went away satisfied.

Later on, I appeared on Bedloe's Island, where, as all the world knows, is the magnificent statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." It is one of the highest points in the great city—the torch of Liberty. The ruddy beams from that torch by night are the first lights the incoming passenger from over the ocean sees as he draws near the New World—sees, kissed by the first rays of the rising sun, sparkling like burnished gold. It is likewise the first light seen by those far down at sea, as they approach our shores.

I gave the attendant a bill to place the thermometer far up there on the torch of Liberty. The man thought I was crazy, but I did not care; then I went back to my rooms satisfied with my day's work.

It was past midnight. The sky was starless; but there was a strange half-light in the air, flooding everything with that weird illumination that is usually suggestive of the Northern Lights.

I remember now that when I had touched my lips with the contents of the vial there came over me a wondrous, inexplicable feeling, akin to and comparable with nothing I had ever before experienced.

I was conscious of a lightening of my limbs.

I was conscious of leaving my room.

I was conscious that gravity had lost its power on my body.

I was conscious that I was sailing through the air, and, somehow, as I sailed, I still had power to look backward, and there, zounds!—there was my body apparently, in the attitude of perfect and peaceful rest, reclining beside my secretary.

What could it mean? Was it real, or was I again dreaming? In a few moments, I was conscious of waking; and I was standing once more in my room, in my hand, my telescope pointed directly at the Trinity steeple. Morning was breaking.

The thermometer was not there.

Eagerly I ran to the foot of Broadway and took passage to Bedloe's Island. I trained my telescope on Liberty's head.

The second thermometer was not there.

I ran back to the dock. How slow the boat went! At last we reached the foot of Broadway. I hastened on wings of fear and expectation to my rooms.

There were the thermometers on my stand.

They had on them the marks I had placed upon them the day before.

There was no mistaking this.

It was real.

Then a thought came to me, like an inspiration. It was this:

"The way to the stars is clear to me at last."



(Continued next week.)

DEATH OF EX-SECRETARY HUGH McCULLOCH.

HUGH McCULLOCH, who had been twice Secretary of the United States Treasury, and who was very successful in reducing the national debt after the war, died at his country home near Washington, D. C., on May 23, aged eighty-six. He was born in Kennebunk, Me., and studied law there and in Boston. In 1856 he became president of the Bank of the State of Indiana, which position he resigned in 1868 to accept that of Comptroller of the Currency, tendered to him by Salmon P. Chase. He was the director of the inauguration of the national



THE LATE EX-SECRETARY HUGH McCULLOCH.

banking system. President Lincoln appointed him Secretary of the Treasury in 1865, at a time when the Government was financially embarrassed. Mr. McCulloch succeeded in raising by loans the enormous sum needed to pay off half a million soldiers and sailors; and six months afterward he had met all the Government's ma-

turing obligations, and had begun reducing the debt. He then converted a billion dollars in short-time obligations into a funded debt. To his advice was due the action of Congress in steadily reducing the national indebtedness. He held office until 1869; was engaged in banking in London from 1871 to 1878; and was again appointed Secretary of the Treasury in 1884, and remained in office until the end of President Arthur's Administration.

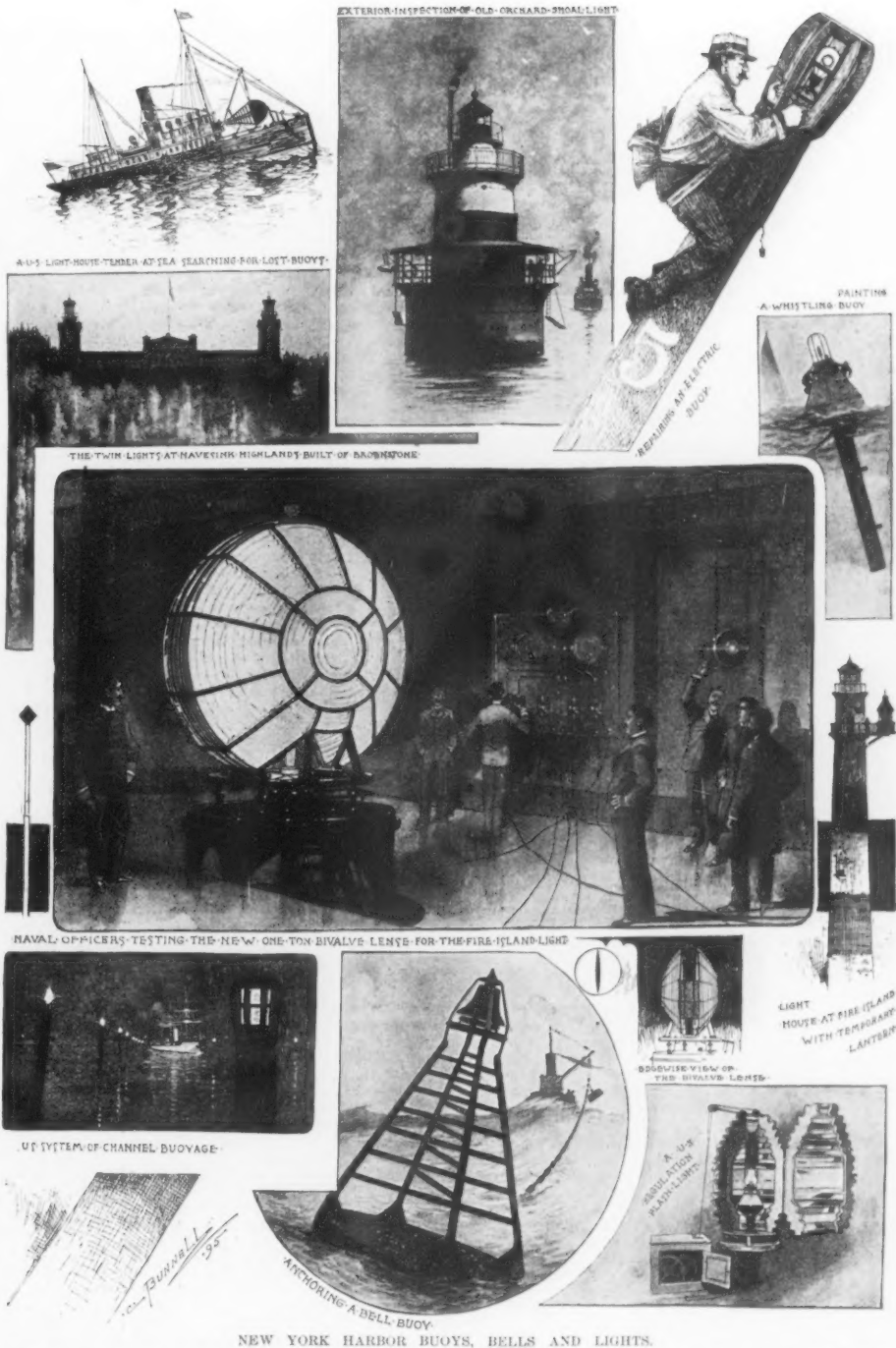
KAISER WILHELM has decided that the gray coats introduced into the German Army two years ago shall be given up. Green is to be the color in future. Possibly the young Kaiser thought that it would be well to win some victories before wearing the gray riding-coat of the "Little Corporal."

GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S thirty thousand-acre estate near Asheville, N. C., is now approaching its perfected form after six years of hard work by hundreds of men and an expenditure of six million dollars. The foundations of the house alone cost four hundred thousand dollars. The nursery and gardens contain a greater variety of trees and shrubs than there are in the famous botanical gardens at Kew, near London.

LORD ROSEBURY has gone cruising in a yacht along the English coasts, in the hope of recovering from the nervousness which makes him sleepless.

"Have you made any special preparations for the whist party to-night?"

Mrs. Singleton—"Yes; I've picked up several new bits of gossip."



NEW YORK HARBOR BUOYS, BELLS AND LIGHTS.

IN view of the probable advent of "Greater New York" before long, the United States Treasury is sparing no expense to increase the safety of the marine entrance to the city of New York. In order to keep pace with the times it has determined, through the Lighthouse Board, to introduce at Fire Island a new and powerful lamp, which will excel anything of the kind as yet invented, the lamp itself weighing a ton or so. It will float on a miniature lake of mercury, thus making it easy for an astronomical clock to swing it around in exactly four seconds. The installation of this lamp will occupy several months, during which time the lighthouse will be illuminated by a temporary lamp placed on a balcony outside. When fully under way, Fire Island Light will be the most powerful light in the world, a fitting beacon to America's greatest city.

The Board has introduced a system of lighted channel buoys, which mark the channel as plainly as a row of street lamps, each light being visible seven miles. The fixed lights of the harbor demand little attention from ordinary wear and tear, but the outer glass-housing is frequently smashed when extra large birds try to fly into the light, as hundreds of them do. They meet instant death by force of the collision, and the keepers can enjoy any game, from a canvas-back duck to a reed bird, without the trouble of hunting. The whistling buoy emits a basso-profundo groan every time it rises and falls upon the wave, while the bell buoy, unlike the bells

of old, does not swing at all, but an iron saucer containing a cannon ball now takes the place of its former wagging tongue. Upon Sandy Hook's inhospitable shore is a steam siren whose song is only heard in fog. "Old Orchard Beacon" is marked by a clockwork bell.

Standing in the great Fresnel lens of the Navesink Light, the polite keeper, stepping behind the lens, asks you to look toward the lamp as he lifts the yellow curtain: you see a twin light, and the keeper and the adjacent landscape upside down. Again you look toward the city, and in the lenses you see New York Bay spread before you like a lithograph with all the coloring of Nature.

To a novice entering New York Harbor for the first time, running at reduced speed in a leaden fog, the ship appears to be sailing on a cloud. The strident yelling of the distant siren, the labored groan of the whistling buoy, the lazy bang-bang of the bell buoy, the lumpty-tum-ting-a-ling of "Old Orchard Beacon," all contribute to the general pandemonium, announcing to one that he is at the gate of a great city. But above all this babel comes clear and sharp the resonant blast of a tin horn close on the port bow. The engines are reversed at full speed, quick enough to avoid colliding with a schooner that might have been some poor sailor's bier, while just ahead, rising like a giant spectre out of the mist and snow, stands the beacon that guards the harbor of the "Greater New York," and, as the anchor is cast at Liberty's feet, the good ship rests in safety.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

A NOVEL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"
"The Bird that Men Do," etc., etc.

XVI.

THE blow of Maggie Blake had wrought a cerebral congestion which at times threatened to be more than merely what is termed "fatal." For days the chance of their child's insanity loomed before her parents, grisly and austere. Two famous physicians predicted it, in case she recovered at all.

"I hope, then, she may die," said Mrs. Rathburne, one day, in agonized whisper to her husband.

Renwick Rathburne caught her hand and held it while he answered: "You don't hope anything of the kind, and you know you don't!"

"But think! To have her insane—"

"To have her, my dear Bertha, no matter how! That is the one imperative point. You remember those lines of Lowell—"

"Not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death."

No, no; I want my Dolly here, and so do you. On what bitter terms destiny may allow us to retain her—ah, that's quite a different affair. For my part, I'd make any kind of greivous compromise."

"And yet, Renwick, if she were hopelessly out of her mind!"

"Nobody is ever hopelessly ill in any way," he said, with the vivid smile, so inalienably his own, though informed, now, by a delicate pensiveness. "Hope, my dear Bertha, is a flower that takes root on the barrenest crag, and blossoms there, as well. It's inextinguishable as the sunniest and hardiest weed, yet choice and rare as a cluster of white violets. If our poor Dolly lives, yet with a darkened mind, I should always get the comfort of waiting for light to dawn in it. I should go on reaping that comfort, cold as it might be, until the light of my own mind faded into another darker sort of darkness."

Often, during those horribly trying hours of Dorothea's illness, Adam Strangford would drift in at Highwood. All the guests had long ago departed, now. Letters came by scores from friends in town and at the various summer resorts. But both the master and mistress of this once splendidly hospitable house shrank from entertaining a single visitor. To this rule Strangford had been made, however, a kind of exception unconscious as it was welcome. And when the good news at length pushed its delightful dawn through the dimness of anxiety and suspense, he was the first to wish Dorothea's parents joy in spoken words.

"Yes, yes," Rathburne exulted, on the evening of the day when his daughter's recovery and future sanity had taken lines of reasonable certitude, "she's to be back with us once again, thank God, snatched safe from the valley of the shadow."

"And oh, it is such a pleasant thought," pursued Mrs. Rathburne, "that Gerard Spottiswoode will come back to find her convalescent!"

"Do you expect him soon?" asked Strangford, looking at the floor.

"He cabled to-day," said Mrs. Rathburne, "that he would sail next Saturday in the 'Umbria.'"

Strangford raised his eyes. They had a blank, impersonal look. He seemed to be listening to the long, sweet cadences of the summer night-wind among the trees on the lawn, flowing in through the wide-open windows of the lamplit chamber.

"He's known of her illness for some time, of course?" came Strangford's next words.

Rathburne and his wife exchanged a glance. Then the latter said, in that exhilarant voice which she had used ever since the sunburst of her new happiness had gilded her gloomed spirits:

"I'm to blame, Mr. Strangford, that he has not heard till quite recently."

"Ah," murmured Strangford. That was all. Through these tedious and painful weeks he had never once referred to Spottiswoode in even the vaguest way.

Rathburne here shrugged his shoulders, with a low laugh. "She would have it so, my dear Adam! She wanted to spare her future son-in-law the least needless torment. As if," he added, in an undertone of gentle satire, "life hadn't coddled and sugar-plummed him sufficiently already!"

"Renwick!" reproached his wife, in hurt tones. "How can you be so cynical, and at such a joyful time, too? I merely wanted dear Gerard to escape being agonized by an illness that he could not in the faintest way alleviate."

"But, my dear Bertha, as if that hadn't been our fate from the first!" He turned toward Strangford. "There are some people whom life keeps continually in cotton. Gerard Spottiswoode is one of them. I occasionally think," he went on, with his inimitable blending of geniality and dreaminess, "that all life might be defined as a sort of railway accident."

"My dear Renwick," chid his wife. "No wonder I called you cynical, just now!"

"The dead failures," Rathburne continued, "are the out-and-out killed; the partial failures are those more or less injured, and the complete successes are those who escape without a scratch."

"Why," smiled Strangford, "do you not call the out-and-out killed the complete successes? Then you would be a consistent cynic, and really deserve your wife's accusation."

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Rathburne. "You surely don't mean, Adam Strangford, that you, with all your intellectual gifts, believe it better to die than to live?"

"I've never tried being dead," Strangford said, with a sort of playful solemnity. "But it seems to me as if for vast indefinite eternities I've tried never having been born. And though that indescribable minus quantity of a non-existence, as one might call it, lacked many pleasures and diversions, it was still exempt from myriad annoyances and troubles."

"Oh, this modern pessimistic way of thinking!"

groaned Mrs. Rathburne. "Do you know, it simply horrifies me! I'm tremendously human. Now that the glorious tidings about Dorothea have come to us, I immediately find myself conscious of how lonely Highwood has grown! As soon as the dear child is well enough, I mean to just fill the old house with people again. And you feel the same way, Renwick, I'm certain. There's no such happiness as mingling with one's kind. Look at animals in their cages at menageries. They always appear so frightfully bored that you lose interest in watching them. Dying instead of living, indeed! Not being born instead of coming into the world and having a good time there! Ugh! to weigh death against life, and dare to say that life is less preferable—why, it simply fills me with a sort of graveyard shudder even to dream that anybody could be so morbid-minded!"

A few days later, when hope was diffusing still brighter beams from the sick-room upstairs, and when the physicians were beginning to speak of Dorothea's descent into the open air as a near and decided certainty, Strangford strolled over to Highwood, one afternoon, and held a serious talk with Rathburne.

"I saw one of the newspaper articles," his host said. He then named the journal in which he had come upon it. "I managed to keep it from my wife," he continued. "And now you tell me there are others?"

"There have been three or four others," replied Strangford.

Rathburne gnawed his beard for a moment. "Equally odious?"

"Yes. One is in a weekly society journal—a scorpion-like affair. It is particularly venomous."

"I'm glad you haven't brought them," said Rathburne, after a pause, stroking his chin. His companion had never seen him so pale, and his eyes glittered oddly between narrowed lids.

"Brought them!" echoed Strangford, with a curl of the lip. "I burned them in the empty grate of my office when I'd skimmed them over. They had drifted in to me, as such sheets do drift in to almost every editor."

"I see—I see." As he spoke Rathburne lowered his look, with a forearm on either knee, and with head slowly swaying from side to side. "Ah, Adam, we talk of liberty—democracy! What an answer this 'power of the press' puts into the mouths of its enemies!"

"It's the despotism of Turkey or Russia, in its way," sighed Strangford. He was near enough to lay a hand on the shoulder of his friend. "But as long as neither she nor her mother gets the faintest knowledge of this slander, so vicious yet so idiotic, you should not greatly care."

"Vicious yet idiotic! How truly you describe it, Adam! We know from that poor girl, Lizzie Blake, who knows it from her wretched sister, every detail of what occurred. Did these other publications dare to affirm—?"

"Nothing was affirmed. In every article the innuendo was employed with similar cowardice. Each conceals its hateful hint behind a pretension of pity."

Rathburne's hands knotted themselves. "Reporters came here, but I would not see them—I have always abhorred this latter-day intrusion of the press into household privacy. No doubt one or more of them laid siege to one or more of our many servants." His undying humor crept out in the plaintive smile with which he now faced Strangford.

"What on earth am I to do? Horsewhip somebody? I'm perfectly prepared to go shopping after the most flexible and competent cowhide, wholly regardless of price."

"You are to do nothing except to keep silent," enjoined Strangford, with a look at once commanding and alarmed. "Good Heavens, my friend! You could not flatter these scoundrels more than in proving to them how they've wounded you by showing them the color of your blood. Even if your wife should by any chance learn of the wretched, trumped-up scandal, use every means of keeping it from her knowledge. And after a while the whole odious outrage will sting itself to death, will die of its own poison."

Rathburne's eyes filled with tears as he grasped the speaker's hand. "You've a wise head for such young shoulders, Adam!" he exclaimed. "I always said so—I always believed in you! But I never believed so firmly as now!"

One of the newspapers in question—a daily of relatively good repute—had meanwhile fallen into the hands of Cornelia, sent her by some meddlesome "friend," who had probably watched with interest the course of events previous to Spottiswoode's final engagement. The Dominicks, grand-aunt and grand-niece, were off at the Profile House in the White Mountains, where every year, as Cornelia used mournfully to repeat, she was dragged for at least a fortnight. "I can't tell you," she had lately written to Mrs. Rathburne, "how these mountains bore me. They ought, as far as concerns the depression they rouse in me, to be called Black instead of White. Years ago, before I was born, aunt conceived the idea that they were 'tonic' and 'oxygenic,' and all that. And so a summer never passes but I am forced to gaze upon that ugly bugaboo in granite, which they say looks like Emerson. If this is true, I can understand why his writings have always made me yawn. Persons talk about the grandeur and solemnity of the thing, but no doubt my familiarity with it ever since my pinafores has clad it for me with an awful tedium and commonplace. The company here is woefully mixed, as always. The young people are of the 'jolly' sort, who 'play games' and 'have a good time,' and get up 'fox-and-grease' and 'pillows-and-keys' in the drawing-rooms, and drive decorous people half mad with their shrieks. One can walk, if one desires, either to Echo or Profile Lake. I know of nothing more deadly stupid than a walk to the first unless it be a walk to the second. Of course, if there were people of the right sort here, it would be wholly different; for, after all, these noble hills, which are now and then not unlike certain parts of the Pyrenees, might prove a delightful background; it is being forced to meet them on the perpetual terms of a foreground that I find so irksome. One is reminded, when one looks at the tasteless gowns, and the dowdy women, and the ill-trained children, of that hymn which tells us of a land where Nature is beautiful and 'only man is vile.'"

"But here I am, dear Mrs. Rathburne, scribbling you

jokes—you that have such deep cause to be heavy-hearted! Every day I am hoping for a line of good news about dear Dorothea. You will surely either write or telegraph, will you not, the very moment there is a change for the better?"

Often, of late, as they sat on the piazza of the hotel together, or strolled about its grounds, Mrs. Dominick would speak to her grand-niece of Dorothea's misfortune. She invariably called it by that name.

"It is really the most unexampled thing, Cornelia. I have never heard of anything at once so sad and so unusual. Poor girl . . . poor girl!"

Somehow that "poor girl" had always a perplexing sound for the lady's listener. It seemed so curiously, so subtly apathetic of intonation; it failed to remind her of the many lovely Christian charities which her kinswoman had for years exploited. It carried a strange ring of critical coldness, not to say cruelty. And yet it struck, in a conventional sense, the note of pity.

"All sorts of sad and unusual things have happened in this queer world, aunt," once came Cornelia's reply. "But, of course, this makes one think of the brigands in Greek mountains rather than any adventure here in our own more prosaic land."

"That is what I meant, Cornelia—that is just what I meant. How aptly you express my own unspoken thought! It brings me back to stories I've read about robbers who sent an ear of their captive to his or her relations, and threatened actual murder if some huge sum were not quickly forthcoming."

"Oh," smiled Cornelia, "it wasn't so bad as that, thank Heaven! Poor Dorothea is quite intact, except for the dreadful blow of that wretched Blake girl's missile."

"M—yes . . . yes," mused Mrs. Dominick. "Quite intact, eh? Yes, of course." She gave her gray head a short little upward jerk. "But Dorothea's reputation, my dear—her good name? How about those?"

"Her reputation—her good name?" repeated Cornelia, amazedly. "Why, aunt, what can you mean?"

Mrs. Dominick first shivered, then laughed a quick, harsh, scrappy laugh. "She was out all night in the company of two ruffians and their abandoned feminine associate."

"True, of course. But—"

"At dawn, my dear, she was brought back to Highwood by the sister of that horrible girl. Oh, I recollect the whole story perfectly; I've not forgotten a detail that you gave me. She was fearfully injured—hence her long illness. The good sister told everything, and no doubt with entire veracity. Dorothea had been robbed of all her money and a valuable little diamond watch. The two ruffians and the bad sister were all three permitted to escape." Here Mrs. Dominick turned her mild eyes full upon Cornelia's face. "My dear child," she proceeded, "do you suppose this last fact has not already caused a good deal of . . . conjecture, not to say gossip?"

"Conjecture? Gossip? You mean because the thieves were not pursued and captured?"

"Naturally. . . . Do you think—?" And then the old lady stopped short, her manner losing its asperity with instant speed. "But, my dear, I've probably said too much. Understand or not, as you please. In ordinary circumstances I should never have dreamed of touching on such a subject—and especially not before you, whom I have guarded with so much zealous care from all soiling associations."

Cornelia seemed to muse, for a moment, her color slowly rising. "Aunt!" she exclaimed; "I see perfectly, now! You think the Rathburnes were afraid to follow up those rascals!"

"You're too impetuous, my dear. I think they held it better policy to let the whole affair drop into oblivion. But alas! these affairs never do. The Rathburnes' very caution and good taste will furnish, unless I'm wrong, food for malevolent murmurs."

"But they were so plunged in grief and horror! They gave all their time, all their thought, to the peril that had overtaken their darling daughter!"

"No doubt. But the merciless world may interpret their conduct less leniently. . . . Come, Cornelia," the old lady broke off, "it's time for the morning mail. Do go and inquire if we have neither of us any letters from town."

There were no letters of the least importance, that day, but before the week had ended a brief note reached Cornelia from Mrs. Rathburne, telling of Dorothea's improved state. Then, a little later, came the newspaper, with its noxious column of aspersion. Cornelia chanced to read this alone. Disgust and indignation at first choked her. Then came a desire to keep the poisonous screed from her aunt. Afterward, however, she felt a temptation to let Mrs. Dominick see it. Why, after all, should she not? Pity and sympathy for Dorothea surely need not prevent. Thousands besides her aunt would devour those spiteful paragraphs.

That same afternoon they went together to Profile Lake. Cornelia had a page of the newspaper folded in her pocket. Excitement had now reached with her a morbid pass; she hungrily longed to have her shocked condition shared by another.

The day was breezy. Boats, filled with occupants chiefly youthful, floated over the rippled silver of the lake. Cornelia and her aunt had found a rustic sofa, embowered in birches, almost at the water's edge. In front of them towered the mountain famed above all others that encompass Franconia Notch. Through the lustrous amethyst of the air, overtopping slopes of feathery and dusky boskage, loomed the "great stone face" which Hawthorne's dreamy story has immortalized.

"It's delightful," said Mrs. Dominick, "to learn that dear Dorothea is better."

Somehow the words had for their hearer a strangely factitious sound. And yet it could not be possible that her aunt failed fully to mean them!

"Indeed, yes," returned Cornelia. "But I hope they will keep from her a certain shocking discovery." Here she drew forth the leaf of newspaper, unfolded it, and laid it on her aunt's lap. "Will you read that, please? The marked half-column, there."

Mrs. Dominick took off her eyeglasses and polished them. Cornelia watched her narrowly.

"How terrible!" she at length said, in fluttered voice. "This article teems with insult."

"Ah, does it not?"

"It infers that Dorothea's reputation has sustained serious injury by her having been for hours at the mercy—" Here Mrs. Dominick's hand slipped about her niece's wrist, clasping it tensely.

"Cornelia," she pursued, "what did I tell you, here in these mountains, only a little time ago? The Rathburnes were satisfied with that Blake girl's story, given her by her dreadful sister and re-narrated to them. But their duty was to have made that story immediately public, and to have set the police in hot pursuit of those thieves. . . Ah, I was right! . . . You see—in this base bit of print, these omissions are made the material for a sneer!"

"And a shamefully unjust one!"

"Who can doubt it? But slander is like vitriol. Innocence and purity should not merely avoid it by being the virtues they are. There's a safeguard called prudence which they can never afford to despise."

"But if the Rathburnes answer this coarse insinuation—" began Cornelia.

"They dare not so lower themselves! It would be too miserably undignified! Of course they know just the line at which abuse and insolence to their daughter were drawn. But to attempt any such explanation now! Pah; it would be sheer madness, and their worldly knowledge will teach them so. What's been done has been done, irretrievably. It's too late, now, for anything but haughty silence."

Mrs. Dominick handed the newspaper leaf back to her niece, and slowly rose, shaking and smoothing out the front breadth of her gown, with a suggestion (as it struck her observer) of some repulsive contact having befallen it. Presently she took Cornelia's arm, as was often her habit when they walked out together, and the girl knew that this was a signal for their returning stroll.

The sun had sunk behind one of the hilltops. The Profile gleamed now in stern silhouette from its opposite height. Cornelia, who had written flippantly of it that it bored her, now felt it address her, through the altered atmosphere, shadowy yet crystalline, with a symbolism of the world's harshest tyrannies and arbitrations.

"Too late, too late," her aunt whispered, as if to herself, while they began to move away from their little bowery alcove.

A sudden delicate dampness had seemed to follow the dimming sunlight. Half its lustre had left the lake, which were now the mingled blue of steel and blackness of iron. New woody smells seemed to float from groves and coppices. Evening is an exile among high mountains. They deal with day and with night, and reject, as if through some terms made with Nature by their own majesty, the leisurely compromise of gradual gloaming.

"Too late, too late," Mrs. Dominick again repeated. And Cornelia, almost petulantly, now turned a look on the gray, bent head, with its cameo-like frailty of visage.

"Aunt, why do you repeat that?" she softly cried. "It almost seems to me as if you were glad it is too late!"

And then she saw the roseleaf lips and cheeks harden, and felt that five fragile fingers had tightened about her arm.

"I am dreadfully sorry, Cornelia, in one way—dreadfully! But in another way I'm . . . yes, I'm glad!"

"Glad? Oh, aunt!"

"My dear, don't look at me so reproachfully. It's for your sake I am glad."

"Hush, aunt!" enjoined Cornelia, feebly, after a slight silence, and crimsoning. "I—I think I understand you. Only, you must not harbor such fancies—indeed, you must not!"

"Fancies? Bah! they are certainties. Gerard Spotiswoode will never forgive her. I know him!"

Cornelia stood immovable in the middle of the pretty, fern-fringed path, and stared over one shoulder at her kinswoman.

"Forgive her? Why, you forget, surely, that there is nothing on earth to forgive! Dorothea has been unfortunate—"

"That's precisely what I mean. He will never forgive her for that."

(Continued next week.)

STORIES ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

VERY frequently impositions are practiced on careless or ignorant Senators by people who are interested in the passage of bills before the Senate. Senator Fair, who died recently in California, was a man on whom it was easy to impose because of his ignorance and his carelessness. One day the Senator came into the meeting of a committee of which he was a member and presented a favorable report on a bill which had been referred to him as a sub-committee. It was the custom of Mr. Fair to say to another Senator who sat beside him in the committee-room: "Senator, you are a better reader than I. Read this report for me." The other members of the committee always thought that Mr. Fair did this because he was not able to read his clerk's handwriting. On this occasion Mr. Fair made his usual request. At the same time he explained to the other members of the committee that the bill was one which had been reported to the Senate favorably at the last session of Congress. This explanation would have been enough, ordinarily, to withdraw attention from the bill. It happened that the Senator who was Mr. Fair's spokesman was busy and that the reading of the report was delayed. In the meantime, Mr. Hoar in a casual way turned over the reports of the last session until he came to this bill. "Look here, Senator Fair," said Mr. Hoar, "that bill was reported adversely at the last session." "So it was," said Mr. Fair, looking at the reports. "Then that—lawyer lied to me." It

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

appeared from his explanation that Mr. Fair had accepted the statements of an attorney who was interested in the passage of the bill and had made his report in accordance with them. Mr. Fair's reports were scanned very carefully after that.

Ex-Senator Ingalls continues to keep himself in the public eye, and he has hopes that he may resume his seat in the United States Senate when the term of Mr. Peffer expires. He may do so, but there is one Senator who believes that he will not. This Senator was on the train with Mr. Ingalls some time ago, and he noted the fact that though they were traveling through the State of Kansas the ex-Senator sat alone throughout the journey. When they reached the station where both alighted Mr. Ingalls stalked through the crowd almost unnoticed. The conspicuousness of the famous Kansan gave him a following in the Sunflower State; for the people of almost any State are proud to have their representatives in the Senate or the House of Representatives ranked among the leaders in national affairs. But Mr. Ingalls's too caustic tongue made enemies for him at home as well as abroad. There was probably no man in the Senate in his day whose tongue was as much feared as was that of the Senator from Kansas. Men whom he had never injured hated him cordially for his merciless vindictiveness in dealing with others. At the time when Mr. Ingalls made his historic attack on Senator Joseph Brown of Georgia, a great many people felt sympathy for the old gentleman because they believed that he was much too small a mark for Ingalls. This was the speech in which Ingalls described the Georgia Senator as the "Joseph Surface" of American politics, and pictured him as continually "washing his hands with invisible soap in intangible water." One Senator was especially incensed against Mr. Ingalls and he went to Mr. Brown to offer him his sympathy. Mr. Brown had just made a lame reply to the Ingalls attack and sat down. "I think it was outrageous, Senator Brown," said the sympathetic Senator. Mr. Brown beamed on him softly. "He brought it on himself, sir," said he: "he brought it on himself." And to the day of his death Senator Brown believed that he had wiped up the oratorical earth with Mr. Ingalls.

The cordial hatred which so many of his fellow-Senators felt for Mr. Ingalls was shared by Mr. Maxey of Texas. During a debate in which Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Maxey both took part the Texas Senator turned to one of his neighbors and said: "That man Ingalls is the meanest man in public life!" and he abused the Kansan warmly. The other Senator slipped over to Mr. Ingalls's desk a little later and said: "Congratulate Maxey on his speech." "What are you trying to do—get up a fight?" asked Mr. Ingalls. "Not at all," said the other Senator, "You do as I said." So a short time afterward Mr. Ingalls strolled over to the Democratic side of the Chamber and, leaning on Maxey's desk, said: "General Maxey, that speech you just made was a remarkably fine one. I was very much struck with it. It was one of the finest presentations I ever heard. If I had heard that before I spoke, I won't say that I would have withdrawn my speech, but I can assure you I would have modified it a great deal." Then the Kansas Senator moved away. Presently Mr. Maxey leaned over to the neighbor to whom he had abused Mr. Ingalls before and who had heard what Mr. Ingalls had said. "There's one thing about Ingalls I admire," said Mr. Maxey: "there's no jealousy about him. When he hears a good thing from another man, he is willing to admit it."

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the times is the unmistakable revulsion of opinion among the best and brightest minds of our day against the materialistic philosophy, with its low ethical standard, which in the earlier part of this century had trailed its slimy mantle over the whole province of thought and morals. The latest and most important contribution to the growing bulk of valuable testimony in favor of a return to the principles of Christianity is the work of the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, entitled "The Foundations of Belief." It should be a source of sincere gratification to the British nation that a book of such serious import and value has been produced thus opportunely before the close of the century and by a man who, as a brilliant and trusted leader of one of the most important political parties in England, no less than as a thinker and scholar of recognized distinction, commands a wide following throughout the English-speaking world.

As Mr. Balfour explains in the preliminary remarks to his book, his is no work of apologetics, "nor is any endeavor made specifically to solve the doubts or allay the difficulties which perplex the minds of religious persons." His object is merely to recommend a particular way of looking at the World-Problems we are all compelled to face. Therefore, in these notes, which are designed only as an introduction to the study of theology, the subjects treated are mostly of a secular nature. The book is addressed not to the specialist in philosophy, but to the general body of readers interested in such subjects, and does not presuppose an extensive knowledge of the history of thought, nor familiarity with the terminology of philosophy.

The better to insure acceptance for the views he advocates, Mr. Balfour has conceived the design of exhibiting them against the background of another system of thought, and for this purpose has selected Naturalism, or, as it is variously called, Agnosticism and Empiricism, as the one which numbers the most formidable following and is "ultimately the only one which profits by defeats of theology and may be counted on to flood the spaces from which the tide of Religion has receded."

The doctrine of Naturalism—i.e., that we may know phenomena and their laws, but nothing more—is briefly set forth, and there follows a lengthy and careful examination of its consequences. Following a line of closely reasoned arguments, Mr. Balfour shows conclusively that, in its relations to ethics, to aesthetics and to reason, the naturalistic creed is both inadequate and inconsistent, neither ministering to the needs of mankind nor satisfying their reason. Especially strong and closely thought-out is the chapter on "The Philosophic Basis of Naturalism," in which the positive element of that system, consisting of the teaching contained in the general

body of the natural sciences is shown to be as full of weaknesses as the negative side which holds that beyond these limits nothing can be known.

Having dismissed the claims of Naturalism to serious consideration as a tenable system of thought, Mr. Balfour disposes in a similar though more summary fashion of Idealism; and thus having cleared his ground of the two greatest obstacles to Belief—because other metaphysical systems, which he briefly enumerates, no longer count a sufficient following to entitle them to be ranked among accepted philosophies—Mr. Balfour begins the second, or constructive portion of his work, in which he undertakes to show what are the true foundations of Belief. First he makes it plain that there are many causes of Belief which are independent of the higher mental processes, and which consciously or unconsciously affect the reasoned conclusions of the majority of mankind. Such, for instance, are experience, custom, habits, authority, the dogmatic education of early years, the immediate pressure of domestic, social, scientific or ecclesiastical surroundings. "The spirit of the age," and what Mr. Balfour calls "psychological atmosphere" or "climate," is also shown to be largely responsible for any particular mood or temper of thought observable in any large mass of humanity at any one period.

The next step is to make suggestions toward a provisional philosophy. The six last chapters of the book are devoted to this purpose. The first gives us the groundwork. Then Beliefs and Formulas, Beliefs, Formulas and Realities, Ultimate Scientific Ideas, Science and Theology are successively considered, and finally come suggestions for a provisional unification. Herein the reader looks for the crucial test of the force of Mr. Balfour's arguments. The general principles which emerge from his discussion, the impartial thinker will, it seems to us, be bound to admit; but the trend of his thought in certain directions will scarcely be followed by Christians who hold to doctrines that Mr. Balfour's views on Faith, Motives of Credulity, and on other important questions, openly impugn. Among the most satisfactory conclusions the author reaches as a result of his faithful and patient examination of the foundations of Belief are the following: That a Personal God exists; that He is the Creator and Beneficent Ruler of the world; that He acts directly and, it may be, by means of miracles; that He has revealed Himself to His creation in other ways than in the teachings of Nature, and that He has become Incarnate in the world. In arriving at these great truths Mr. Balfour has exhibited less clearness of argument and has used terms less explicit than might have been wished. But at least he has shown that he stands on firmer ground than do the advocates of the other systems to which he has made allusion. The line of proof for Christianity which he seems to prefer has no scientific value, but is one which has always found acceptance with the best minds. It is that, namely, which asserts that as there are in human nature lofty aspirations and ethical needs, the system which best satisfies and answers these needs and aspirations must indeed be the best. And if we look for the system among the many that have been offered to the world, there is an overwhelming mass of evidence in favor of Christianity.

In such a brief review as this, it is not possible to do justice to Mr. Balfour's book. Nor, after a single reading of it, can even the most attentive reader pretend to have grasped its entire significance or appreciated its entire value. It supplies food for much and deep thought, and cannot fail to stimulate the spirit of philosophic inquiry, and lead the reader on to higher flights through that region at the bare threshold of which the author bids us good-by. Scarcely any one will lay down the book without forming a hope that at some later day this accomplished writer and sincere searcher after truth will give to the world the result of those further inquiries which one must believe he will pursue in the same spirit of patient and painstaking investigation that has moved him in the production of the volume here imperfectly reviewed.—Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

A SUBSCRIBER in Watertown, S. D., complains that some of his books sent from this office have failed to reach him. Such accidents happen occasionally, but fortunately not often. The post-office is generally very regular and faithful in its deliveries. The subscriber takes occasion to add at the end of his complaint the following compliment:

"ONCE A WEEK and its semi-monthly library are the best I have ever read, and I do actually think they are the best publications in the United States, or even in the world."

THE Rev. "Sam" Jones, the evangelist, tells this story on himself: "I seldom address an audience that I don't think of the words of the good old colored woman after I had preached to a great concourse of colored people on one occasion. This large, fat, old colored woman—I suppose she would weigh two hundred pounds—came up to me and gave me her hand and said: 'God bless you, Brudder Jones; you is everybody's preacher and everybody loves to hear you preach, and every nigger loves to hear you; and, Brudder Jones, you preaches more like a nigger than any white man that ever lived; and, Brudder Jones, you have got a white skin, but, thank God, you have got a black heart.' We couldn't take her literally. But she meant kindly in what she said to me."

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION TO UTAH

On June 11th and July 5th, 6th and 7th. On June 11th, all lines from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul and points west thereof, will sell homesekers' excursion tickets to Utah via Rio Grande Western Railway, at rate of one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will also be on sale July 5th and 7th, inclusive on account of Educational meeting, but homesekers can take advantage of the low rate to investigate the resources of Utah, the coming state. It is expected that Utah will enter the union of states before the close of 1895, with a population of 250,000 souls and the most magnificent and healthful climate in the world. Within its borders are found all the known precious metals. In agricultural and pastoral resources it surpasses any other domain. Millions of cheap homes now awaiting settlement in this land of Utah, which can produce all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. For printed matter, address L. B. Evelevand, No. 115 West 8th Street, Kansas City, Mo., or F. A. Wadleigh, Salt Lake City.

THE DESTINY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A FEW weeks ago it seemed tolerably certain that, under the stress of overwhelming financial difficulties, the old island colony of Newfoundland must, as such, disappear from the map, to be known thenceforward as a Province of the Dominion of Canada.

Negotiations to that end were entered into by both Governments concerned, the preliminary steps thereto being accompanied by such mutual manifestations of good-will that a successful outcome seemed assured. Considerable surprise, therefore, followed the official announcement that no understanding had been arrived at and that the negotiations were dropped. The rock on which they split was, as might have been expected, the financial one. Canada, herself no better off than she should be—with an actual deficit in her treasury of over



GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

distressed colony of all its crushing burden of debt, and at the same time cheer the people with the certain prospect of a greater independence than they have hitherto enjoyed.

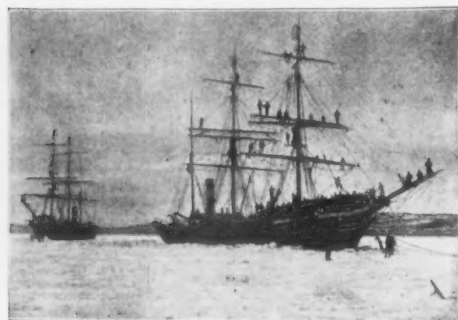
The value and importance of the acquisition of Newfoundland to the United States would be far from small. Stretched across the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, this historic island, as great nearly in extent as the State of New York and one-sixth larger than Ire-



ICEBERGS OFF ST. JOHN'S.

a million dollars and a prospective one of treble that amount—was unwilling to assume the whole national debt of Newfoundland, and the island refused for a smaller price to accept the terms of confederation. The Canadian Government and people considered that a generous offer had been made. So also thought England. The islanders, however, thought differently and did not hesitate to charge Canada with meanness in refusing their terms. It is not necessary here to enter into further details regarding the negotiations. Enough, for the purpose of this article, to note that there is at present no likelihood of their being resumed, and that the destiny of Newfoundland once more hangs in the balance of uncertainty.

It is true that the Government, in their straits, have resolved to make one more desperate attempt to help themselves. By a policy of severe retrenchment and increased taxation they hope yet to weather the storm that is beating them down; but those who have care-



SEALING STEAMERS OFF HARBOR GRACE.

fully watched and studied the increasing gravity of the situation on the island do not hesitate to describe this last expedient as a clutching at straws, the forlornness of forlorn hopes, as the course of events, so they say, will speedily demonstrate.

Should this dismal prophecy be verified, the colony will yet have a choice of two alternatives. It may consent to a Royal Commission, by which it would revert to the condition of a Crown colony and be forever deprived of its independence; or it may seek annexation with the United States. Of these two courses lying between it and insolvency, there can be no doubt as to which would prove the more advantageous, and the less humiliating. Admission to the Union would relieve the



A PEEP THROUGH FOLIAGE AT ST. JOHN'S.

land, from which its easternmost point is distant only one thousand six hundred and forty miles, occupies a position that in strategic importance, as well as for purposes of commerce, is almost unrivaled. It is the key to the St. Lawrence, the stepping-stone between two continents, and in the event of war with Europe, its possession by the United States would be simply invaluable.



DOG SLEDS WITH FIREWOOD.

If the American people could seriously realize this fact, they would surely wake up to the value of the rare opportunity which is now theirs, of welcoming into the Union a State which would be a stronghold in times of war and a source of almost unlimited wealth in times of peace.

American enterprise and capital would not take long to quicken the present languishing condition of industry in Newfoundland into active and remunerative life. Her exhaustless fisheries, her vast coal and other mineral deposits, the possibilities of agricultural wealth in her fertile valleys, the natural facilities for commerce which are the result of her commanding position, and of the conformation of her deeply indented coast-line, would be so many powerful inducements for the investment of the surplus wealth of our millionaires, and rich returns would not be long forthcoming.

A mistaken idea is entertained by many people with regard to the scenery and climate of Newfoundland. Seen from the deck of an approaching steamer, its rugged, rock-bound coast frowning through a dreary fog, the island seems destitute of the softer charms of sunshine and verdure, and fruitfulness. But the visitor to its shores who, not repelled by a first impression, penetrates into the more favored portions of the island, is agreeably struck with the beauty of landscape and rich-



GREAT FALLS, LITTLE HARBOR RIVER.

ness of vegetation which bring assurance of conditions most favorable for human habitation. The climate is not unlike that of Canada, except that the intense heats of summer are here tempered by the sea breezes. The common impression that the climate is damp and foggy is distinctly erroneous, in proof of which it may be mentioned that malaria is unknown on the island.

Last year the total population of Newfoundland and Labrador was 197,335. St. John's, the principal city and the capital of the island, has a population of thirty thousand. It has a fine harbor, and might, under favorable conditions, develop into a great centre of commerce. At present, though it has twice been devastated by fire, it presents a creditably thriving appearance, and is dignified by some handsome public buildings.



A LAKE SCENE.

The accompanying illustrations from photographs of interesting scenes in different parts of Newfoundland will help to throw light on the conditions of life in the island colony, and also, perhaps, to remove the false impression, so generally accepted, that the country is one of sand and fog.

STILL IN THE SWIM.

Neighbor—"How did your daughter's marriage with that Count turn out?"

Mrs. Brickrow—"Her last letter states that he has spent all her money, and she is taking in washing; but then, I presume, she washes only for the nobility."

Mrs. Sniffwell—"Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions!"

Bridget—"Shure, mum, you're a moind reader."



ST. JOHN'S AND NARROWS FROM ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.



ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.

THE MIRACLE OF SAINT JANUARIUS.

TWICE a year, on the first Saturday of May, and on the 19th of September, Naples is called to assist at the "Miracle of Saint Januarius," which consists in the liquefaction and bubbling up of the blood of the martyr contained in two vials. In one of the chapels of the Cathedral, in a little bronze tabernacle with silver doors, the crystal reliquary, enriched with gold and precious stones, in which the two vials are kept, is religiously preserved.

The devotion of the people of Naples to Saint Januarius, the holy bishop who suffered martyrdom in 805, dates back to that early period in the history of the Church. Nor is his memory less revered by them to-day. They have faith in the miracle, and when it fails, as it sometimes does, they regard the disappointment as a dread prognostication of some impending misfortune.

The spectacle presented by the faithful at the crucial moment of the ceremony is one of the most curious imaginable. The first row of seats is reserved for a deputation and twelve chaplains connected with the chapel. Behind these are seated visitors of distinction, the section reserved for them being separated by a rail from the rear portion of the chapel, to which the general public is admitted. The canon who presides at the ceremony holds up the reliquary before the people, showing by the light of a taper that the blood is coagulated. Simultaneously the worshippers fall on their knees praying, and awaiting the miracle. If there is much delay, the prayers grow louder, the women shed tears, arms are outstretched toward the statue of the Saint, and while the clergy recite the litanies, the whole assembly join in the responses in a fervent crescendo.

The blood does not always liquefy. In that event, the discouraged worshippers relapse into silence; they soon again break forth into excited exclamations. They call on the Saint, remonstrate with him and threaten him; then, their burst of anger over, they resume the chanting of the litany with more fervor than before. Tapers are snatched from the hands of the assistants, a procession is organized and the relics are borne under a dais into the Cathedral, in the midst of a breathless crowd. . . . Suddenly the canon lifts up the reliquary and shows it to the people who actually shriek with delight, for the blood is bubbling in the vials. The miracle is accomplished. Their joy is delirious; the sincerity of its excess moves the most indifferent hearts. In the presence of the enthusiastic faithful, before the eyes of the municipal guard, whose sombre uniform and imperturbable gravity lend the only modern note to a scene which recalls the first ages of Christianity, pious hands set free from cages whole flights of doves, which are regarded as poetic messengers intrusted with the mission of bearing to the very vaults of heaven their testimony of the universal rejoicing on earth.

It is not here necessary to discuss the genuineness of the miracle of Saint Januarius, or whether, as incredulous witnesses suggest, a simple pressure of the hand, or the mere approach of a candle, develops sufficient heat to liquefy the substance contained in the vials. The point to which the attention of our readers is drawn is the picturesque and unique character of the ceremony which attends the miracle.

David Dudley Field. Chandler White. Prof. Morse. Daniel Huntington.

Wilson G. Hunt.



Peter Cooper.

Marshall Roberts.

Moses Taylor.

Cyrus Field.

THE PROJECTORS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Huntington's Famous Painting at the New York Chamber of Commerce.

A HISTORICAL painting representing a meeting of the projectors of the Atlantic Cable connecting the Old World with the New was presented to the Chamber of Commerce of this city on Thursday, May 23, by a company of gentlemen who raised a subscription to purchase the work from the eminent artist, Daniel Huntington. Chauncey M. Depew delivered an interesting address, and President Alexander E. Orr accepted the painting on behalf of the Chamber. The picture, which represents a meeting of the courageous originators of the cable scheme at the residence of the late Cyrus W. Field, was contemplated many years ago, but circumstances interfered, and Mr. Field was not destined to see the work which will commemorate his splendid ex-

plot. Peter Cooper is presiding, Cyrus W. Field is pointing out on a map a landing-place for the cable, David Dudley Field holds a lawbook in his hand, Chandler White is submitting estimates to Marshall O. Roberts, Moses Taylor and Wilson Hunt are seated near Samuel F. B. Morse, and the artist Huntington is represented sketching the others in this picture which will henceforth be one of the most noted ornaments of our Chamber of Commerce.—(See front page.)

LORD ROTHSCHILD has a pair of zebras broken to harness, which he drives around his country estate near London.



THE MIRACLE OF SAINT JANUARIUS—LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD.—(From Paris L'Illustration.)

American Comic Journalism

BY T. B. CONNERY.
(Copyrighted by the author.)
No. 16.

THE NEW YORK "PICAYUNE"

was started early in the fifties, by Woodward and Hutchins, patent medicine dealers, whose principal object was to push their specifics into prominence. Hutchins' Butters were then almost as well known as Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and the *Picayune* was expected to give it a big boom. The paper made a fair start, but was lacking in particular features calculated to fix public attention. Some painful domestic complications also intervened and one of the partners—Woodward I think—left New York in a hurry, Hutchins remaining sole master and director of the weekly. On another weekly, called the *Military Argus*, Mr. William Levison was at this time acting as advertising agent. He was a man of rare natural gifts, and possessed in a high degree the knack of coaxing by a glib tongue and rich anecdote lucrative advertisements from business men. One of his best patrons was the late Dr. Brandreth, who frequently gave Levison several columns of advertising after listening for half an hour or so to some of his tacy anecdotes. Having been an actor, Levison could mimic to perfection many well-known men—a fact which of course enhanced his accomplishment as a *raconteur*. (It is said, by the way, that I. M. Singer, the sewing machine man, was the organizer and manager of a theatrical company with which Levison performed.) Well, while thus engaged in collecting advertisements for the *Military Argus*, Levison wrote little paragraphs also for that paper, and began his "Professor Julius Caesar Hannibal" series, which failed to please the military editor. Levison was very poorly educated, but felt an inevitable bubbling up of fun which he tried to reduce to paper. When the editor of the *Argus*, therefore, declined to publish his contributions he found an opening on the *Picayune*, and it was to this circumstance that he owed the ambition to own and run a comic weekly himself. When Hutchins, nearly broken down by domestic misfortunes and ill-health, found the *Picayune* a greater load than he could carry, William Levison induced Mr. Thaddeus Glover of this city to join with him in purchasing the paper. Very soon the power of Levison's comic ability made itself felt, and the *Picayune* took a decided bound forward. He was fortunate also in finding an able assistant in Mr. Jesse Haney, who did the lion's share of the editing and thus enabled Levison to devote more time to the business interests of the paper. The sinews of war for a newspaper were then, as now, the advertising patronage, and Levison was the generalissimo of advertising agents. Besides, he was eager to brush up on grammar.

As I have said, his education was somewhat defective, and James Parton undertook the office of tutor *con amore*. They were fellow-boarders in the same unpretentious house on Prince, near Mercer, Street. Jesse Haney also dwelt in the same place, and thus the three became fast friends. The efforts, however, to root syntax into Levison produced little fruit, for the proprietor of the *Picayune* was too fond of interrupting the course of studies by jokes and anecdotes. His health began to fail also, and he was ordered away to Europe for rest and change of climate. On his return he became sole proprietor of the *Picayune*, which flourished until Levison fell ill again and died. Mr. Haney continued to conduct the paper for some time for the widow.

Meanwhile many persons sought to gain control of the property. Charles Gaylor, the dramatist, offered to take it off the widow's hands, agreeing to pay her a fixed amount regularly out of the profits of the paper until the full purchase money could be paid. But, under the advice of Mr. Haney, the widow declined this offer. Mr. Haney foresaw that such an offer would result in practically nothing for the widow. He believed that the success of *Picayune* was mainly due to Levison's personality, and that it would be sure to fail in any other hands. He counseled her to sell it outright if she could find suitable purchasers, and she adopted this advice. Mortimer Thomson had already made quite a hit under the *nom de plume* of "Philander Doesticks," and he now sought to obtain possession of the *Picayune*, in connection with Charles Wilbur, a handsome young reporter of the *Tribune*. These two bright young men raised five thousand dollars between them and bought the paper, which they managed to float along very successfully for a while. "Doesticks" had a great deal of broad humor, Wilbur had a fine sense of humor, also, but not of a quality to suit the same class of readers.

Mortimer Thomson, or "Doesticks," as he was generally called, was born in Fulton, Oswego County, N. Y., September, 1832, his father being a prominent lawyer in that section. The family moved to Ann Arbor, Mich., where Mortimer was educated, entering the University of Michigan. He did not succeed in graduating, however, as he was one of many students who were expelled for belonging to the secret college societies. The action of the faculty in this matter excited great indignation and legislative action, which led to the return of many of the students and to the retirement of several members of the faculty. Mr. Thomson, however, did not return to college, as he had joined a traveling theatrical company, and for some time traveled through the West as leading man in the company, playing all parts—from heavy tragedy to light comedy—as was customary in traveling companies in those days. After undergoing many vicissitudes, he came to New York and found employment as a traveling agent for the jewelry firm of Sackett, Davis & Potter, and for considerable time traveled very generally over the country with the goods of that firm. It was while traveling that he began his series of "Doesticks Letters" that made his name famous. The first one, relating his visit to Niagara Falls, was written for the paper published by the students at the University of Michigan, of which Hon. J. Sterling Morton, present Secretary of Agriculture, was editor, and it was Mr. Morton who appended the signature to the letter of "Q. K. Philander Doestick, P. B.," and this *nom de plume* was retained throughout his career. Mr. Thomson soon began writing the "Doesticks Letters" regularly for the *Detroit Advertiser*, but after a few of them had been printed they attracted the attention of Mr. Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, who hunted up the writer of them and engaged him.

Mr. Thomson was for many years the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, and did much special writing for the paper. Some notable work was his "Police Court Scenes," and his articles under the heading of "The Witches of New York," in which latter series he related his visits to clairvoyants, astrologers, etc., with much humor. These sketches were afterward put in book form, as were also his "Doesticks Letters."

One of the most notable contributions to the slave literature of the day was Mr. Thomson's account of the sale at Savannah, Ga., of the slaves of the Hon. Pierce Butler. There were a large number of slaves in the lot to be sold and it was extensively advertised. Mr. Thomson was sent to Savannah to report the sale in the interests of the *Tribune*. At that time the *Tribune* was extremely unpopular in the

South, and it was understood in the office that if his identity was discovered in Savannah his life expectation would be greatly abbreviated. He therefore appeared at the sale as a possible purchaser of slaves, critically examining and inspecting them, bidding on some and making mental notes of what transpired. Before the sale was terminated, however, he received a hint from a once famous New York actor, "Dolly Davenport," to the effect that his identity was suspected, and he had better leave the city; he did so promptly on the next steamer. On his way to New York he wrote up the account of the slave sale in the most graphic manner, and it was published in the *Tribune*, occupying some two pages of that paper. It produced a marked sensation; so much so that the entire article was reproduced in other of the daily papers the next day, and generally throughout the country. It was also translated into nearly every language and circulated widely as an abolition document.

While during his regular work upon the *Tribune*, he kept up his humorous contributions for other journals, mainly the weekly papers in New York. He was also one of the early editors of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, when the founder of that journal was struggling to make for it a position. He was also a lecturer, and his lecture in rhyme on "Pluck" was received with great favor for more than one season. He was on the lecture platform for several years, his discourses being both in poetry and prose.

Mr. Thomson was not what would be popularly known to-day as a "witty" man; his conversation was bright, brilliant, showing good education and knowledge of the world and of affairs in general, but was not sparkling with wit as might have been expected from so popular a writer. His humor consisted in putting in most extravagant language the amusing side of things as they were presented to him. His humor could not find expression in short phrases, but needed the elaboration of lengthy articles, and was best brought out in his "Doesticks Letters," and the poetical skits, or hits at the times, in which he was not restricted for space, but had full opportunity for the development of his fanciful ideas. The most pretentious of his rhymed burlesques was a travesty of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," called "Plu-ri-busta," which made a large volume and was not only full of humor, but in many points truly prophetic.

At the breaking out of the war, Mr. Thomson went to the front as a correspondent, and rendered good service by his descriptions of various engagements of the Army of the Potomac. After the war he returned to journalism in New York, writing for various papers, and at the time of his death, in 1875, was one of the editors of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*. Mr. Thomson did not value highly his humorous work, being wont to speak of such contributions as "pet boilers," while his more serious writings, criticisms, etc., were his life and pride. He was a great reader, and was familiar with English literature generally.

Mr. Thomson was married twice, his first wife being a daughter of General Van Cleave of Minnesota. She lived only a year after her marriage, leaving a son. Five years later he was married to Miss Grace Eldridge, eldest daughter of "Fannie Fern"; but she survived but little over a year after the marriage, and died, leaving a daughter, who has grown up to be a writer of recognized ability and position. Personally, Mr. Thomson was one of the most genial of men, big-hearted and generous, but his life was one of toil and hardships, and filled with many sorrows and heartaches.

(To be continued.)

THE BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS HELENE OF ORLEANS AND THE DUKE D'AOSTA.

THE betrothal of the Princess Helene of Orleans, to be followed by her wedding June 10, with the Duke d'Aosta has very much more than a romantic significance. But even if it were merely a romantic episode, without political meaning of any sort, it would be most interesting on account of the history of the Orleans family. The Princess was born in exile, and she has lived many years of her life in exile from the country over which her ancestors ruled for centuries.

Those journals that do not speak in platitudes and amiable compliments agree



PRINCESS HELENE D'ORLEANS.



THE DUKE D'AOSTA.

that the marriage has no political significance, that it in no way affects the relations of France and Italy. The Duke d'Aosta is indeed a member of one of the best families in the Italian Kingdom and he stands within one life of the throne; but that life may keep him as effectually from power as if he were removed from it by many degrees. When we look at the projected marriage in all its possible bearings, however, we see that it may prove to be a genuinely important event. In the first place, the only son of the present King of Italy is known to be in very delicate health—so delicate that he is said to have contemplated resigning the right of succession to his cousin, the Duke d'Aosta. Now it is most unlikely that he ever will take this step. On the other hand, it is not in the least unlikely that the Duke, who is young and vigorous, will either succeed him on the throne or succeed the present King, in case the son's life ends before his father's. He will then have for his queen a member of the Orleans family, which, during the past few months, has been nearer its old place in France than it was at any time for years before. During the recent political excitement over the retirement from office of President Casimir-Perier the name of the present Duke of Orleans, brother of the engaged Princess, was on everybody's lips who followed the development of French politics. Indeed, to be near the scene of the crisis and ready to respond to any possible call from his people, the Duke took up his abode in Dover and remained there till President Felix Faure was elected and the French Republic had taken a new lease of life. But the crisis taught many things, among others that in spite of appearances to the contrary the Republican Government was not established with absolute certainty in France and that the Royalists had at their head a leader who was alert, active and eager to put their principles to the test of an appeal to his people. Assuming, then, the possibility of the return of the monarchy to power in France and of the accession of the Duke d'Aosta to the Italian throne, we can appreciate the immense importance of the new alliance.

The Princess Helene is a girl of twenty-four, tall and healthy, hardly beautiful, but said to be attractive in character and manners. The Duke is two years her senior, the eldest son of the brother of the present King of Italy. He received a thorough military education and has for several years been in active service in the Italian Army, where he has already been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

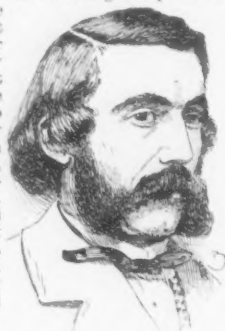
JOHN D. BARRY.



WILLIAM H. LEVISON.



JAMES PARTON.



JESSE HANEY.

The Buff and Blue

Inscribed to the Daughters of the Revolution.

ITH mosses on its dull-red roof, and ivy on its caves,
It stands beneath the summer sun, among the glint-
ing leaves—

The gray colonial manor-house, where long and long ago
A girl put on the buff and blue, and went to fight the foe.
Her lover fell at Bunker Hill—Oh, what a death to die!—
Around him in their scarlet coats the slain were shoulder-high.
No kin had she to take his place, and buckle on the blade
That drank so deep of British blood—she only watched and
prayed.

But on a morning bright with dew, she paced the garden old
(A dainty maid in crimson silk, with locks of lustrous gold;
She heard the voice of Liberty, and
lo! it called her name,

And stirred her soul to daring deeds,
and touched her brow with flame.
With throbbing heart, and jeweled
hands that shook with eager
haste

She bound her lover's trusty sword
about her slender waist;
And kissed her mother's silver hair,
and from the carved door;
Between the ranks of lilacs tall, she
passed forevermore.



From here and there and every-
where the flying rumors rose
About a stripling youth who gave no
quarter to his foes;
Whose sword was like the lightning
flash that cleaves the sweeping
rain,
Who died a soldier's glorious death
at Stony Point with Wayne.
And ever when the twilight falls,
they say a spirit walks
Among the rose's tangled sprays,
the sunflower's moldy stalks.
It leaves a trail of blood behind, its
breast is shot in two,
It has a maiden's yellow curls, but
wears the buff and blue.
—MINNIE IRVING.



A LOVE MATCH IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

LIVINGSTONE DEPEYSTER is the Nestor of a certain well-known club on lower Fifth Avenue. His exact age is unknown, but his fellow-members credit him with eighty-five years or more in spite of his marvelous activity. Owing partly to his contempt for the lack of spirit among his younger associates of the present day, his name has become a synonym for reminiscences of the days when the city was young—when girls were wooed and won with a dash and adventuresomeness which made each love affair a tale to stir one's blood.

Not many evenings ago we were sitting in one of the upper rooms of the club, with no light save that of the blazing fire-logs, and keeping DePeyster company with long church-warden pipes—the smoke from which surrounded each head in a ghostly haze. There were four of us—bound together by lifelong friendship—and we had been talking over Jack Sanford's confessed attachment for Miss Hope Van Riper—an attachment which, by the way, he considered hopeless. Old Livingstone, however, was inclined to take a brighter view of the matter and counseled him to win the lady by storm.

"Most women," he said, "like a man who won't take 'no' for an answer, and the Van Ripers have always had a weakness for pluck in men of their acquaintance. As an instance of this, let me tell you of a romantic love affair which one of Miss Hope's grandmothers had in the days when Sir Henry Clinton held possession of the city. The family are connections of mine, and my grandfather, who was mixed up in the affair, has often told me the story.

"At the time of the British occupation, the Van Riper homestead stood about where the elevator shaft of the 'Mohawk' is now. The East branch of Manetta Water formed a little canal at the side of the garden, and about two hundred feet beyond the wooden bridge over it ran the old Bloomingdale Road—now the corner of Broadway and Twenty-first Street. Gil Cootant bought that ground later on and this club stands on a part of the property which was sold to John Horn. For several years, however, the Van Riper house was the only one in the vicinity, and from the raised gallery on the roof you could see the 'Monument' and the DeLancey place just above Greenwich, with the Hudson beyond them.

"The feeling was strong against the invaders, but there were many families—the Van Ripers among the number—who were broad-minded enough to recognize good qualities even among our friends the enemy. Several of the officers on Sir Henry's staff were fine fellows—gentlemen in every sense of the word. Among these, Harry Richmond was exceedingly popular—a favorite with both men and women. The pavilion in the old Ranelagh Gardens—situated near what is now the corner of Franklin Street and Broadway—was in existence then, and many a ball, at which the best families for miles around appeared, was given there. It was at one of these that Richmond met the Van Riper girls and lost his heart to Miss Dorothy.

"The Van Ripers' loyalty to Washington forbade their treating the King's officers with anything beyond formal courtesy, but Richmond and his brother officers

produced such a favorable impression that they were finally invited to ride out to the Van Riper homestead, and after that the residents along the old Bowery Road frequently noticed a cavalcade of red coats galloping northward after sunset.

"Maurice DePeyster was at this time one of Washington's captains, and for several years—even before the outbreak of hostilities—had been over ears in love with Dorothy Van Riper. The girl herself scarcely knew how much she reciprocated this feeling, but at all events she had reached the point of eagerly looking for his visits when the reverses of the Continental Army made them impractical, and she was thrown into the society of Richmond. He was constantly on hand—DePeyster was not; and the many attractions possessed by the handsome young Englishman could scarcely fail to be effective.

"Maurice finally got wind of this and determined to risk his neck in an attempt to win the girl he loved so well. It happened that Dolph Van Riper was giving a dance that night in return for some of the civilities shown him in the city, and the house was well filled when Maurice, after having crossed the Hudson near Greenwich, rode cautiously along the road leading from Captain Clarke's farm.

"The musicians were just tuning up for the minuet when, as coolly as if he were the guest of honor, DePeyster walked through the crowd of British officers and, bowing before Miss Dorothy, asked the pleasure of her company in the dance. Richmond and the others were thunderstruck. With an expression of alarm upon each face, many of them left the room to throw out a picket line, expecting to find the house surrounded by Washington's cavalry. Failing to find any trace of the enemy, they returned to the great dining-room where one smiling officer of the Continental Army was leading the minuet with the handsomest girl on the island, as unconcerned as if surrounded by none but friends. The idea of his entering the British lines as a spy was out of the question—he was in full uniform.

"The blue coat with its buff facings stood out in marked contrast to the vivid reds and gold lace around him, while his powdered wig added the effect of courtly age to his graceful motions. The candle-light reflected daintily, high-heeled shoes and quilted kirtles in the polished floor. The chink, chink, chink of the swords in their brazen scabbards formed a martial accompaniment to the stately music. There was a new light in Miss Dorothy's eyes as she glanced at her daring soldier in the dance—a strange fire of pride and fear in her heart—a something which throbbed in her veins like old wine. As the music softly, lingeringly died away, Maurice kissed her hand and whispered: 'A minute longer, love, and I am lost. My horse is waiting near the corner of the Kingsbridge Road—will you come?'

"A soft gleam in her eyes answered him. Leading her down the room, chatting easily as they went, he snatched a shawl from one of the settees near the door and, taking her in his arms, sprang out on to the broad porch. It was all done so quickly that he had crossed the little bridge and disappeared up the Bloomingdale Road before the guests had realized what had happened. But when within a few feet of where his horse was picketed, a challenge rang out from the side of the road and Harry Richmond stood before him with drawn sword. In a flash, he placed Miss Dorothy on the bank and drew his own. Then for a few seconds there was a ring of steel through the still night air, as they fought for the woman they both loved. After a few thrusts, however, Maurice's blade passed through Richmond's arm. With a manly word of regret to his gallant enemy, he mounted his horse and galloped away toward the river with his sweetheart just as Richmond's brother officers reached the spot. Not believing that one man would venture alone within an enemy's lines, they had feared an ambushade.

"Next morning Washington's Army chaplain made Dorothy Van Riper and Maurice DePeyster man and wife; and through the long, cold winter months, in spite of privation and hunger, she shared the fortunes of her husband's command. That, my boy, is the way women liked to be won in the old days; and unless blood counts for nothing, there's a good deal of the same feeling in the Van Riper girls to-day.

"Perkins! Perkins!—two bottles of Claret. Gentlemen, success to Jack, and—a bumper to the old stock."
CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

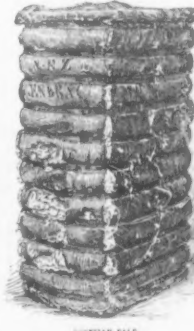
A NEW WAY TO BALE COTTON.

EXPERIMENTS are being made at Little Rock, Ark., with a new system of cotton-baling along a line on which other experiments have been made before with some success. Already three inventions to carry out the new idea have been patented, and one of them has been operated with some show of success commercially, while the other two have had a fairly successful experimental demonstration. If the new system proves a success, it will make a vast difference in the handling and shipping of cotton, and it will increase the profits of the cotton-planters very materially. It is estimated that the saving in the handling of the cotton crop of the United States by the new system will be three to five dollars a bale. Taking the crop of 1893 for demonstration, the saving would be between twenty and forty million dollars a year.

With the development of the new idea in cotton-baling oddly enough comes the issue of a set of reports on cotton-baling in foreign countries collected by the State Department through its Consular Bureau and its Bureau of Statistics. A year ago the State Department issued a valuable set of reports on the subject of packing American goods for export. In South American countries, especially, representatives of our Government found that our methods of packing were often not suited to local conditions. Among the reports on this subject which attracted some attention were some from European countries commenting unfavorably on the baling of American cotton compared with the baling of cotton from India and Egypt. Later our Consul at Havre reported that brokers and agents at that port were complaining that superfluous baling was being introduced into the American bales of cotton for the purpose of increasing the weight; and in many cases actual tare was demanded on American cotton bales, causing a great increase in the cost of handling. The cotton trade in the

United States became much interested in these reports, and the State Department was requested to make a fuller investigation of the subject. The result of that investigation is the volume of reports from Consuls which is nearly ready for issue from the Bureau of Statistics. The consensus of consular opinion is that the American cotton suffers much from inferior packing. While all cotton is packed in jute, the American packing is of coarser fibre than that of India or Egypt and it does not protect the cotton fully. The bands about the American bale, too, are fewer in number and seemingly frailer. At all events, when American bales of cotton arrive in foreign ports, the jute casing is torn and the cotton is exposed to mud, water, rain, theft and fire; the cotton bulges out where the bands have broken and takes up dirt and water, while the bale loses weight and value at every handling.

Under the old system of baling, which brings such poor results, cotton is made up in rough bales at the gin and shipped to a cotton compress where it is put under heavy pressure to reduce its bulk. The cost of compressing is about fifty cents a bale. The new system proposes to pack the cotton at the gin by rolling it under heavy pressure on a core of iron, the core to be removed when the bale is complete. In this process there is no crushing of the fibre and the bale is made much more compact than under the old system. It is claimed, also, that the new bales will be packed so as to exclude the air altogether and so render them non-



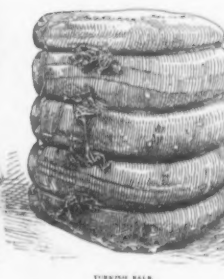
EUROPEAN BALE



JAPANESE BALE



AMERICAN BALE



TURKISH BALE

combustible. Part of the saving to be effected under the new system is in insurance, part in labor and part in bagging and ties; for in the cylindrical bale no ties will be used. Experiment has shown that a cylindrical bale will hold its shape without the restraining influence of iron ties and that there is no danger that the cotton will break through the bagging. The tendency of the cylindrical bale is to retain its shape. The greater compactness of the cylindrical bale, it is claimed, makes it possible to load fifty per cent more cotton in this form for export. Like many another labor-saving device, the new baling machines are meeting with serious opposition from the owners of cotton compresses and others who have large investments in cotton machinery; but if they have the merit which is claimed for them, the machines are certain to be adopted very generally in the South.

A WEEK'S DEATH ROLL.

MAY 27.—At Birmingham, Ala., ex-Congressman G. W. Hewett; at Sing Sing, N. Y., General J. B. Swain. MAY 26.—At Boston, General M. T. Donahue; in this city, William A. Darling, president of the Murray Hill Bank; in Newburyport, Mass., Mrs. Louise Parsons Hopkins. MAY 25.—In this city, William E. Sanford, at Cape May, N. J., Richard Smith Learning. MAY 24.—At Montclair, N. J., Henry A. Chittenden, a pioneer of the anti-slavery movement and founder of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. MAY 22.—At Montmouth, Ill., James W. Scott, aged 97; in Brooklyn, N. Y., William Martin, the well-known organist; in Brydone, Bitterne, Southampton, England, Admiral Sir Charles Elliot; at Vernaion, France, Right Rev. C. M. Dubois, formerly Catholic Bishop of Galveston, Texas; at the Sacred Heart Convent, Black River, Canada, Mother Bastide, aged 86; in Athens, N. Y., Captain Robert P. Tremaine.

THE 20th of May was the eight hundredth anniversary of the great sermon preached by Peter the Hermit at Clermont in France, which started the first Crusade. Are Christians less pious than they were in Peter's day? Or why do they allow the sepulchre of Christ to remain in the hands of the infidel?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND THE SUMMER?

HAVE you given the matter any thought? The farmers, hotel keepers and the West Shore Railroad have done it for you. New resorts have been established near New York and the Catskill Mountains.

An elaborate illustrated book will soon be issued by the West Shore Railroad, giving a long list of Summer Homes and outing places. The work can be had free on application, or by sending six cents in stamps to H. B. Jague, G. E. F. A., No. 363 Broadway, New York.

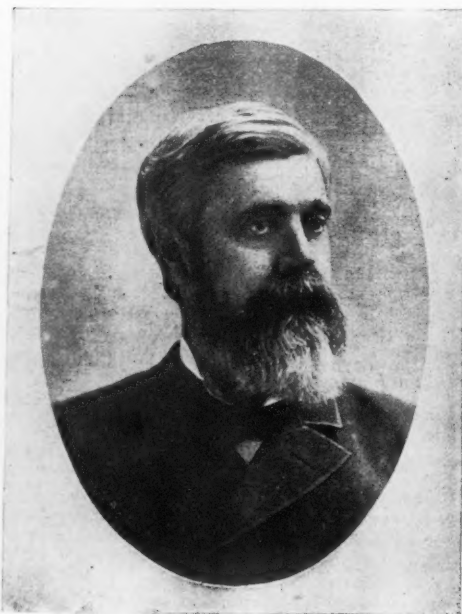
For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DEATH OF SECRETARY OF STATE GRESHAM.

WALTER QUINTON GRESHAM, Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Cabinet, died in Washington a little after one o'clock on the morning of May 28. He had been ill since May 1, having an acute pleurisy, with effusion. After May 13 it was thought that he would recover, but on the 25th acute pneumonia developed, weakness of the heart's action became marked, and all attempts to rally the distinguished patient were vain.

Secretary Gresham was descended from a family which settled in Virginia before the Revolution. His people were patriotic and self-sacrificing in the days of the Revolutionary struggle, and after it they moved Westward with many other noted pioneer families. It was in Indiana that Walter Q. Gresham was born, March 17, 1832. His father was shot dead by a desperado, in whose arrest he was assisting, when Walter was two years old. The boy grew up on a farm, read books in the intervals of hard manual labor, attended Corydon Academy two years, then studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1854. He allied himself with the Republican party, stumped his county for Fremont, and rose to eminence as a public speaker and local political leader. In 1860, elected to the Indiana Legislature, and made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, he did much to organize the State troops on a war footing. Governor Morton made him Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Indiana Regiment, and in December, 1861, promoted him to be Colonel of the Fifty-third. Sent to join Grant at Savannah, Colonel Gresham was made Commander of the post there and won the favor of both Grant and his chief of staff, Rawlins. After Vicksburg he was made a Brigadier-General, on the recommendations of both Grant and Sherman. As commander of the military post of Natchez, he was eminently successful; at the head of a division of the Seventh Corps, in the Army of the Tennessee, he was also prominent and useful. At the battle of Leggett's Hill, where McPherson was killed, Gresham was wounded in the leg, sent home, and was confined to his bed for a year.

The war left him a brevet Major-General. He returned to his profession, but soon re-entered politics. In 1866 and 1868 he was beaten for Congress by Michael C. Kerr, afterward Speaker of the House. When General Grant became President, he offered him successively the Collectorship at New Orleans and the United States District Attorneyship for Indiana, both of which he declined; but Grant finally made him Judge of the United States District Court of Indiana. In 1883 President Arthur made him Postmaster-General, and he undertook a great fight against the Louisiana State Lottery, excluding its business from the mails. In December of 1884 he was appointed United States Circuit Judge in Illinois. In 1888 he was the candidate of a large part of the Illinois delegation for President. But his old-time rival in Indiana politics, Benjamin Harrison, carried off the prize; and after that Judge Gresham relaxed his affiliation with the Republican party. In 1892 he wrote a



THE LATE SECRETARY OF STATE WALTER QUINTON GRESHAM.

letter approving the Populistic theories, but declined the Populist nomination for the Presidency. Appointed Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Cabinet in 1893, he disappointed his friends and aroused bitter criticism by his halting policy, especially with regard to the Hawaiian Islands. In the affair of the "Alliance" he appears to have acted with courage and spirit. He was deeply sensitive to the abundant criticism showered upon him, and it is said that he more than once disagreed with President Cleveland as to the policy of the nation in foreign affairs.

THE GALLANT SEVENTH IN TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

The tableaux vivants by certain members of Company G, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., at Palmer's Theatre on the evening of May 7 have created quite a hubbub and something in the nature of an "unpleasantness" on the part of certain officers, though why does not appear. The *Army and Navy Journal* gave quite an ac-

count of the event, from which I extract the following:

"One of the most taking features of the play was the production of 'living pictures,' representing the duty of the Seventh during the late strike. The first was entitled 'Close that Window,' and showed two members of the Seventh in complete fatigue uniform aiming at windows. The next picture was designed by Thomas Nast, and represented a private of the Seventh guarding the property of citizens and looking with disdain upon two Anarchists, who were cowed by the firmness of the Guardsmen. These were beautiful representations and the entire audience showed an enthusiasm that is rarely seen. After the performance the party, including Messrs. Biglow, Wilson, Chapman and Clarke, of the 'Little Christopher' Company, dined at 'Leon's,' where an unusually pleasant time was had until early morning. The committee in charge were Corps. Miller and Robinson, Lance Corps. Petrie, Olsen and Pringle, and Privates Van Note and Conover."

MEN'S EVENING DRESS.

How long has the colloquial phrase "to dress" implied the putting on of evening clothes? It is a little curious that this should be so in America, where dress clothes are worn only in the evening, and not at marriages and on other ceremonial occasions, as they are on the European Continent. Nevertheless, even with us there is an unusual amount of ritual connected with our evening dress. Whereas during the winter everybody who is anybody assumes these conventional garments for the theatre, it is chiefly the dramatic critics and other deadheads who are so attired in the summer months. At most times of the year, when asked to dinner at a club by an intimate friend, it is essential to inquire what clothes your host desires you to wear, the regulation uniform being sometimes facetiously referred to as one's war-paint. The masher will sport his evening clothes on every possible occasion; the young man with an intellect will wear them as seldom as he can help, even if they happen to be out of pawn. The ordinary man in search of an evening's amusement in New York is conscious that they are indicated for the theatre or concert, but is puzzled what he ought to do in the case of establishments of less fashionable resort. In country houses one's course is, as a rule, clear enough, but it is different in the case of country hotels.

The fine Government buildings at Santiago, the capital of Chili, were recently destroyed by fire.

IT SHOULD BE EAST POULTNEY.

CHELSEA, May 21, 1895.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—In the Biography of Horace Greeley, Chambers' Encyclopedia says that he first started printing at Putney, Vt. As the Encyclopedia Britannica says Poultney, Vt., I write, asking, please, for the authority that Putney is correct. I am about satisfied that Poultney is correct, but would like to be sure.

Kindly assist us in this matter and the favor will be appreciated. Truly,
CHAS. E. MANCHESTER.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT PALMER'S THEATRE.



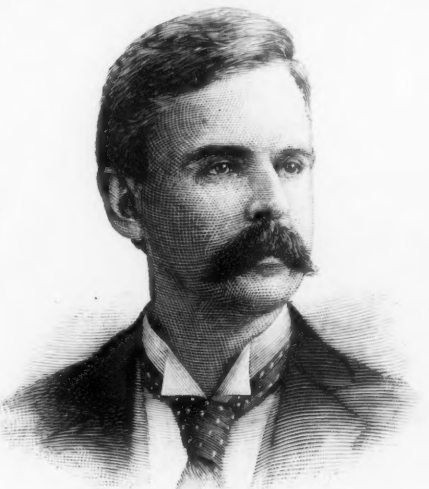
CONGRESSMAN H. ST. G. TUCKER, VIRGINIA.



CONGRESSMAN L. F. LIVINGSTON, GEORGIA.



CONGRESSMAN H. C. LOUDENSLAGER, NEW JERSEY.



CONGRESSMAN J. F. ALDRICH, ILLINOIS.



CONGRESSMAN J. D. SAYERS, TEXAS.



CONGRESSMAN J. F. SHAFROTH, COLORADO.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 25.

JOHAN F. SHAFROTH, Representative from the First District of Colorado, was born in Fayette, Mo., June 9, 1854; entered the University of Michigan in the fall of 1872; was graduated in the literary department in the class of 1875; studied law in the office of Hon. Samuel C. Major, in his native town; was admitted to the Bar in August, 1876, and soon thereafter formed a partnership with his preceptor. He practiced law in Fayette, Mo., until October, 1879, when he removed to Denver, Col., where he has ever since pursued his profession. In April, 1887, he was elected City Attorney of Denver, and re-elected to the same position in April, 1889. Since 1887 he has been in partnership with Judge Platt Rogers of Denver; and has been in important cases in the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado. Some of those cases of a public nature with which he has been connected are the case of *ex parte* Stout, decided in the year 1881, wherein he attacked the constitutionality of the Criminal Court of Arapahoe County, Colorado, and which resulted in the abolition of that court; the case of the City of Denver vs. Knowles, in which the Supreme Court reversed its former decision and held that the cost of street paving and other public improvements could be assessed against the abutting property owner. The former decision had been a great drawback to public improvements in Denver.

J. Frank Aldrich, Republican Congressman re-elected from the First District of Illinois, was born at Two Rivers, Wis., in 1853. In 1861 Mr. Aldrich's family removed to Chicago. The present Congressman received

his education in the public schools and the Chicago University, and subsequently was graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y., with the degree of Civil Engineer. He has been engaged in mercantile and manufacturing business, and has done good service in local government, having been a member of the County Board; and was instrumental in unearthing the frauds which prevailed in that body prior to 1887. For this work he was elected president of the Reform Board, after the conviction of the boodlers of that day. In this capacity he won for himself an enviable reputation. He was Commissioner of Public Works from May 1, 1891, to January 1, 1893—a position which he filled with signal ability, and was elected to Congress in 1892, receiving 39,726 votes against 37,904 for his opponent. During his first term he took high rank for a new member, and was of great service to his city, securing liberal appropriations for harbors, making a gallant fight against the Hatch anti-option bill, and for the transfer of the Indian warehouse to Chicago. He secured the transfer of the battleship "Illinois" from the General Government to the Illinois Naval Reserve, and was made an honorary member of the latter organization in recognition of this service. He was a member of the Coinage Committee of the Fifty-third Congress, and is one of the most popular men in the House.

Joseph D. Sayers, re-elected from the Ninth Texas District as a Democrat, was born at Grenada, Miss., in 1841. He removed with his father to Bastrop, Texas, in

1851; entered the Confederate Army in 1861 and served through the war; and was admitted to the Bar in 1866. In 1873 he was a member of the State Senate; was chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee from 1875 to '78; was Lieutenant-Governor of Texas in 1879-80; and has served in the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses.

Henry St. George Tucker, who served in the Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, is re-elected to the Fifty-fourth from the Tenth District of Virginia. He was born in Washington, Va., in 1853; educated at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, and is a prominent lawyer at Staunton. He had never held public office before his election to Congress.

Henry C. Loudenslager, who will represent the First New Jersey District in the next Congress, was born in Morristown, N. J., in 1852. He is a prominent merchant and influential in county affairs. He was in the Fifty-third Congress, and was re-elected by a good majority. He is an energetic Republican.

Leonidas F. Livingston, the well-known Georgia politician, and president of the State Alliance for three years, is re-elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Democrat. He was born in Georgia in 1832; educated in the common schools; served four years in the Confederate Army; has been a member of both branches of the State Legislature; chairman of the Committee of Agriculture in both; president of the State Agricultural Society for four years. He served with ability in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses.

THE AMERICAN AUTHORS' GUILD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

IN a late number of the *Critic* I notice a paragraph which I think must have slipped in without the knowledge of the Guilders—brother Joe and sister Jeannette—who manage that interesting weekly. The paragraph referred to the late dinner of the Authors' Guild at Delmonico's, observing that "the names of most of the authors present, as reported in the daily papers, are utterly unknown to us, and, we believe, to the reading public as well."

There is absolutely nothing incorrect in this paragraph except its too evident sting, which is not worthy of two former plodders for the press who not very long ago were as "utterly unknown to the reading public" as certain members of the Authors' Guild to-day.

Of course the names of most of the people present at the Authors' Guild dinner are not familiar to the public, for the simple reason that the society allows "all persons engaged in recognized literary pursuits" to become members, on proper application and examination. It is only the few among the army of toilers in the field of literature who become known to the public, but that is not a fact which calls for a sneer or a smart paragraph. The fact is, the Guild is laboring earnestly in behalf of all literary workers, as will be seen by this extract from a letter to Authors signed by General James Grant Wilson, president; Mr. C. L. Betts, secretary, and Dr. Titus Coan, treasurer, of the Association:

"Its immediate objects are, in the first place, to advise and inform inexperienced members in regard to

royalties, copyright, cost of production, etc., to secure fair bargains between author and publisher, to advocate and procure better laws affecting literary property, and, lastly, to promote such feelings of professional comradeship as have been fostered by similar societies in other callings. During the three years of its existence the Guild has made rapid progress in efficiency, and it exerts an influence beyond its numerical strength. It has nearly trebled its membership. It has successfully mediated in all cases brought before it by members where disagreements had arisen with publishers, thereby averting ill-feeling and expensive legal measures. It has also, on behalf of its members, brought several publishers to a just accounting. It intends to provide an auditor free of charge for members wishing to have their accounts with their publishers examined. It will have at its service several attorneys skilled in copyright law, to give free legal advice to members, and in cases where it may be necessary to go into court, to defend their claims for moderate fees. The Guild is seeking to establish a fund for the benefit of members and of members' families who may require assistance. To do all this it needs the active co-operation of the numerous literary workers who are not yet in its ranks. These should not be content to let the few fight their battles for them. Both honor and professional interest suggest that all writers, whether literary, scientific, or journalistic, should aid in the common cause."

Perhaps the *Critic* believes that authors are only

those who write books and get them published. If so, it would be strictly accurate—perhaps; for I am not prepared to admit even that. But certainly it would be a very narrow view to take of the term author, which we derive from the good old Latin verb *augere*—to increase, or produce, or originate. What are the great army of writers—the reporters and correspondents and editors and others engaged in literary pursuits—but producers and originators?

What I don't like about the *Critic* paragraph is its apparent desire to belittle a movement that should command the respect and cordial support of all literary people. The fact is, the Guild was originated by such well-known writers as William Dean Howells, George W. Cable, Moncure D. Conway, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas W. Higginson and James Grant Wilson. Among its incorporators were Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mary E. Wilkins, Louise Chandler Moulton, George Parsons Lathrop, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Celia Thaxter, Horace E. Scudder, John Bigelow, Julian Hawthorne and other well-known authors.

There is nothing easier and cheaper than to sneer. Unfortunately there is nothing more readily repeated, which is what has happened in this case and which justifies this imperfect explanation of the objects of the Guild.

GUILD—NOT GILDER.

An international exhibition will be opened September 1 at the Dresden Academy of Arts.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

THE natty belted jacket in Eton style here presented is one of the latest and most popular styles for summer outing, traveling, shopping or general wear. The jacket extends to the waistline, being smoothly fitted with single bust darts. The fronts can be worn open or closed half-way, as shown; or to the neck, if so desired. The rolled collar meets the front (which forms lapels) in notches. The plain-fitting back is overlaid with three graduated box-plaits which narrow at the waistline. A belt of the material confines the lower edge of the jacket in the back and under the arm, passing through openings made in the front darts, and closing with a fancy buckle in front. Belt and plaits can be omitted if a plain Eton finish is desired. Full gigot sleeves droop in graceful full-



6433—LADIES' BELTED ETON JACKET

ness to the elbow, the lower portions fitting the arm closely to the wrists. Jackets in this style can be worn over shirt-waists and blouses and in cold weather with a high or low neck vest over a chemise and bow or four-in-hand necktie. Any style of skirt, or Turkish trousers for cycling, can accompany the jacket, which is usually made of material to match. The mode is well adapted to the cotton and linen specialties in duck, Madras, tervit and other suitings. Serge, cheviot, tweed, camel's-hair, bourette, covert and ladies' cloth will all make stylish and useful jackets by the mode. Pattern 6433 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

A stylish gown, elaborate enough for the most ceremonious occasions, is shown in Nos. 6460 and 6299. The material is crepon pointille of a yellowish gray shade, with lozenge-shaped spots a little darker in color, the trimming being of green satin ribbon. The yoke of the waist is of green satin, covered with cream-colored point-de-Venise lace. The dressy blouse waist is arranged over linings fitted with glove-like exactness, that close in the centre front. The full blouse front is arranged over the lining at round yoke depth and closes invisibly in the centre.



6460—LADIES' WAIST
6299—LADIES' SKIRT

The yoke portion is made without a seam in the centre, and closes at the left shoulder and on the lower edge under the ribbon, the ends of the large bow in front passing into the under-arm seam. The close-fitting collar is covered with lace, and a broad crush belt of satin ribbon is worn around the waist, meeting under a large bow at the back. Full gigot sleeves fit closely below the elbow, being plainly

finished at the wrists. The gored skirt is moderately full at the lower edge, the top fitting closely in front and at the sides. The back has three organ-pipe gores that flare stylishly, being narrow at the top and spreading widely at the lower edge. A fanciful puffing of the green ribbon forms a foot trimming, large spreading bows with notched ends being set at each lower edge of the front gore. The toque worn with this costume has a flaring bow of green satin ribbon in front and pale-yellow roses in the back. This gown is a very desirable model for the pretty thin summer fabrics in silk, wool and cotton now worn, and can be trimmed with ribbon of any becoming color. The fashionable linen batistes will make up stylishly by this design over colored taffeta decorated with ribbon to match, with yoke of lace or embroidery. Waist 6460 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Skirt 6299 is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. This gown is recommended to the correspondent who asked for a design suitable for a visiting costume for a young married woman. The blouse front could be made longer and fuller with advantage, and a large bow could be placed at the back at the waistline to conceal the defects of the figure.

A becoming bathing suit is just as necessary to the comfort of a season's outing by sea or lake as the blazer or shirt-waist, now considered indispensable. The pattern of the bathing suit here shown is extremely simple and very effective. In the model shown, gray serge was prettily combined with white, and trimmed with black Hercules braid, fancy pearl buttons decorating the fronts. The waist and drawers are combined, being shaped by shoulder and back seams, and drawn in to the waist by a draw-string inserted in a casing. The vest, consisting of a short yoke that points at its upper edge, and a full lower portion that is gathered and joined to its straight lower edge, meets the sailor collar at the neck in pretty outline. The sailor collar is made of white



6464—LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT

serge, trimmed with black braid and decorated with embroidered anchors in the back. The short sleeves and skirt are bordered with a strip of white serge edged on each side with black braid, the skirt being gathered at the top and sewed to a band. The belt of white serge, with a centre row of braid, crosses in front, closing with a single button and buttonhole. Bathing suits in this style can be made of black or navy-blue serge, and trimmed with white braid. Mohair, Henrietta, flannel or alpaca in any color makes desirable suits, the trimming being a matter of individual taste. Pattern 6464 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

A French basque, overlaid with plaits, the whole made of old blue cloth, is illustrated in No. 6434. The trimming is black lace passementerie. Over a tight-fitting bodice three box-plaits are applied to front and back. These are made separately, gradually narrowing to the lower edge, the centre plaits extending from the neck and the side plaits meeting in the shoulder seam. The basque closes invisibly in the centre under the box-plait. A smooth, pointed girdle finishes the lower edge in stylish fashion. The close-fitting collar is covered with passementerie.

Stylishly full sleeves, in gigot fashion, are finished at the wrists with passementerie simulating deep cuffs. This style of basque can be worn with any of the fashionable skirts, plainly finished or deco-



6434—LADIES' POINTED BASQUE WITH PLAITS LAID ON

rated, as here shown, with lace, jet or silk passementerie. Plain or mixed cheviot, tweed, serge, flannel, camel's-hair, whipcord or covert cloth make trim and comfortable waists by the mode, for shopping, traveling, cycling or general wear. Pattern 6434 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

A pretty sun-bonnet is a useful possession to have in the country in the summer. Two good styles are here shown which can be daintily made up in the sheerest of lawn, pique or chambray, in white or delicate tints, decorated with lace-edged or embroidered frills; or, if more practical ones are desired, in striped, checked or figured gingham, canvas or duck. No. 1 is of pink sateen. It has a gathered front piece which can be shirred over reeds or sewed to the plain foundation, as preferred. The frills are edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. The poke crown is in Martha Washington style.



6459—LADIES' AND MISSES' SUN BONNETS

quaint and becoming. No. 2 is of white pique decorated with frills of embroidery, the bow in the back and the tie-strings being finished on the ends with the same trimming. A casing is formed over the

seam of the curtain that protects the neck, to draw the bonnet as closely as may be desired. A stiff interlining of coarse muslin or linen is desirable for the foundation of the front. Pattern 6459 is cut in two sizes—ladies and misses.

The Ladies' Home Toilet shown, consisting of Waist 6453 and Skirt 6323, is a very handsome combination of plain and brocaded crepon-soie-et-laine in two shades of yellow, with white Chantilly lace trimming. The graceful skirt, of the plain material, is cut in Paquin style, and held slightly full at the top, the back being arranged in backward-turning plaits or gathers, as preferred. A border of lace trims the lower edge all round. The pretty waist is arranged over glove-fitted linings that have the usual double bust darts and other seams, closing invisibly in the centre front. The vest front is of white lace over warm yellow satin, the contrast in the brocade being between that shade and the light yellow of the skirt. Square tabs over the shoulders



6453—LADIES' WAIST
6323—LADIES' SKIRT

match the vest front. The back is in simple Spencer style, smooth across the shoulders and drawn in the centre at the waistline. The belt is of yellow satin. A crush collar of the brocade finishes the neck. Full gigot sleeves stand out stylishly from the shoulders, being arranged in gathers at the top. The lower portions fit the arms closely and are plainly finished at the wrists. Batiste, lawn, cotton crepon, plisse, percale, or any of the stylish cotton fabrics, will develop prettily by this mode. An opportunity is afforded for the display of individual taste in the selection of materials and combination of colors that are best suited to the wearer. Brocaded and plain silk, taffeta, satin and other handsome materials will make appropriate gowns by the mode for informal "at homes" or other social functions. Waist 6453 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Skirt 6323 is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

EDITH WALKER, a successful American contralto, has been engaged at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. How is it that so few of our great singers get engagements at home?

SEND THIS PATTERN COUPON AND TEN CENTS FOR EACH PATTERN REQUIRED.

For ladies, give Bust Measure. For misses and children, give Age only. For skirts, give Waist Measure.

PATTERN NO.	BUST MEASURE.	WAIST MEASURE.	AGE IN YEARS.
No. inches inches years
No. inches inches years
No. inches inches years
No. inches inches years

Name, Mrs. or Miss

Street and No. Town


County

Address "FASHION EDITOR," ONCE A WEEK, 523 W. 13th St., N. Y. City.

N.B.—No attention will be paid to Coupons improperly filled in. Any subscriber failing to receive the pattern ordered in due time after sending a Coupon may infer that the delay is due to some omission in the Coupon, and should send a new Coupon filled in according to the directions above, taking the precaution of writing the word "Corrected" on the upper left-hand corner. Letters referring to Coupons cannot be answered unless the necessary postage for a reply is enclosed.



"Did you hear about Tom Pacer's accident?"
 "No. Where was that?"
 "He fell off the Casino roof the other night and was arrested by the police."
 "Arrested! On what charge?"
 "Eavesdropping."



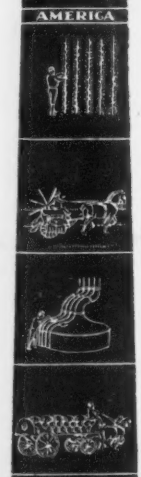
A PINT OF FOOD

Now a **real Tonic** is something to build you up, give you strength—not fictitious strength—but real strength. The world has lived on grains since the world began, and "bread is the staff of life." Bread is a support, but you can't lean on drugs and an empty stomach. A concentrated extract the very essence of that most invigorating grain, **barley**, with the soothing, gentle, and wholly beneficial extract of **hops**, forms a true Tonic—one that is a food. Food alone gives real strength. Ours is this kind. Barley for the body; hops for the nerves—the mind. There is a substance to it, it is vivifying, life-producing, gives vim and bounce—it braces. It is not merely a temporary exciting agent, either—it cures. Pabst Malt Extract is a builder,—feeds blood, brain and bone. It will quiet the nerves, give sleep, drive out dyspepsia, and for a nursing mother it is salvation for herself and baby. Add The "Best" Tonic to your regular food daily—a pint bottle is quite enough—and you will be astounded at the results in two weeks.

EGYPT



AMERICA



PABST MALT EXTRACT

THE "BEST" TONIC

5 LITTLE BOOKS SENT FREE MENTION THIS PUBLICATION

ADDRESS
Pabst-Milwaukee

Observe the comparison between ancient and modern brewing shown on columns

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

WRINGING DRY

It is impossible unless your wringer has well made rolls. When you buy a wringer insist on having the **WARRANTED ROLLS** of the **AMERICAN WRINGER CO.**, the largest manufacturers of Wringers and rolls in the world. **\$2,500,000** capital. See our name and warrant stamped on rolls. Books of useful wringer information FREE. Address 49 Chambers Street, New York.



AMERICAN WRINGER CO. WARRANTED.

SPECIAL 60-DAY SALE OF FINE TELESCOPES.



A LARGE POWERFUL TELESCOPE FOR ONLY 98 CENTS NEARLY 32 IN LENGTH.

Since the reduction in tariff we have imported 5,000 large French Telescopes. They open 32 inches in 4 sections and measure closed 11 inches. They are nicely **brass bound**, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with very powerful **achromatic lenses**, polished by Lemaitre & Co. of Paris. With this fine Telescope objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Heretofore, Telescopes of this size and power have been sold for from \$5.00 to \$50.00. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments and no farmer should be without one. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, ground for **only 98 cts.** We have them in stock and there will be no delay. Your order will be filled the day we receive it. Our new Catalogue of Watches, etc., sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We warrant each Telescope just as represented or money refunded. Send **25 cents** by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, or Bank Draft, payable to our order. Address, **EXCELSIOR IMPORTING CO.** Dept. 45, Excelsior Building, N. Y. Box 783

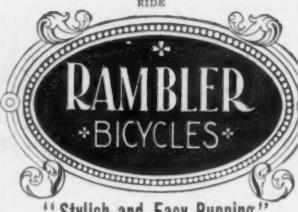
Pears'

Pears' Soap
is as gentle as
oil.

It has no
alkali in it;
nothing but
soap.

**MEN AND WOMEN
OF GOOD TASTE**

RIDE



**RAMBLER
BICYCLES**


"Stylish and Easy Running"

Catalogue free.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
 Boston, Chicago, New York, Brooklyn,
 Detroit, Washington, Coventry, Eng.

\$5.00 IN GOLD.

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to



**THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY
of New York.**

Containing timely, interesting matter relative to subjects

**POLITICAL,
SOCIAL and
HUMOROUS.**

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year.

SEND 25c. For sample copy and beautiful souvenir book with photo-engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,
 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



BELT PIN. Warranted Quad-Soldered. Sample Silver pin 15c. each, 2 for 25c. Send for Summer Circular of novelties, free. **Curtin Jewelry Co., ATTLEBORO, MASS.**

WANTED AGENTS to sell Sash Locks & Door Holders. Sample Sash Lock free by mail for 25c. stamp. Best sellers ever invented. Best weights \$12 a day. Write quick. **BROWARD & CO., Box 25, Philadelphia.**

BICYCLES HIGHEST GRADE **CHEAP**
 1895 MODELS
WINDSOR'S run faster, are built stronger, look handsomer, are better than any other make, and cost \$45 to \$50 less. Send stamp for catalogue. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS NOW. **SIEG & WALPOLE M'F'G CO., CHICAGO.**

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. **DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.**

NO MORE CUT AND TENDER FACES
 from razor shaving. Adams' Shaving Stencil removes with ease the strongest beard, softens and beautifies the skin. No Razor, No Soap, No Water. 100 Shaves, postpaid, 25c. **EUROPEAN SPECIALTY CO., Station 5, Bridgeport, Conn.**

\$75 A MONTH and expenses. Lady or Gent. Samples free. A permanent situation guaranteed. Write today. Address P. O. Box 5305, Boston, Mass.

THE many worthless imitations of FIBRE CHAMOIS now in the market, make it necessary to call the attention of the public to the fact, that for their protection

Fibre Chamois

Beware of these imitations and get FIBRE CHAMOIS or you will be obliged to make your dress over.

RECOMMENDED AND USED BY THE LEADING MODISTES

Puffed sleeves and skirts supported by Fibre Chamois will not lose their shape. Cheaper, lighter in weight, and better than any other stiffening material. :: ::

THREE WEIGHTS:		FOUR COLORS:	
No. 10—Light.	No. 20—Medium.	ECRU	SLATE
No. 30—Heavy.		BROWN	BLACK

At the Lining Counter of all Dry Goods Stores.

"A FELLOW FEELING—FOR THE CYCLING WORLD."



THE PRESSING DESIRE OF EVERY CYCLIST.

IS TO RIDE A TEMPLE

RALPH TEMPLE CYCLE CO. 2208 MICHIGAN AV. CHICAGO